WHAT'S HAPPENING...Turned-on and Tuned-in...Teeny-boppers, Hippies, Long-hairs, Short-hairs...Sunset Strip to Washington Square...Conversations parents never hear—Sex, Drugs, God, Morality, Success—PRESSURE, PRESSURE, PRESSURE...The OUT and the IN...Beatles...Monkees... Mod and Mini...Psychedelic Lights...and much, much more...

Youth Quake

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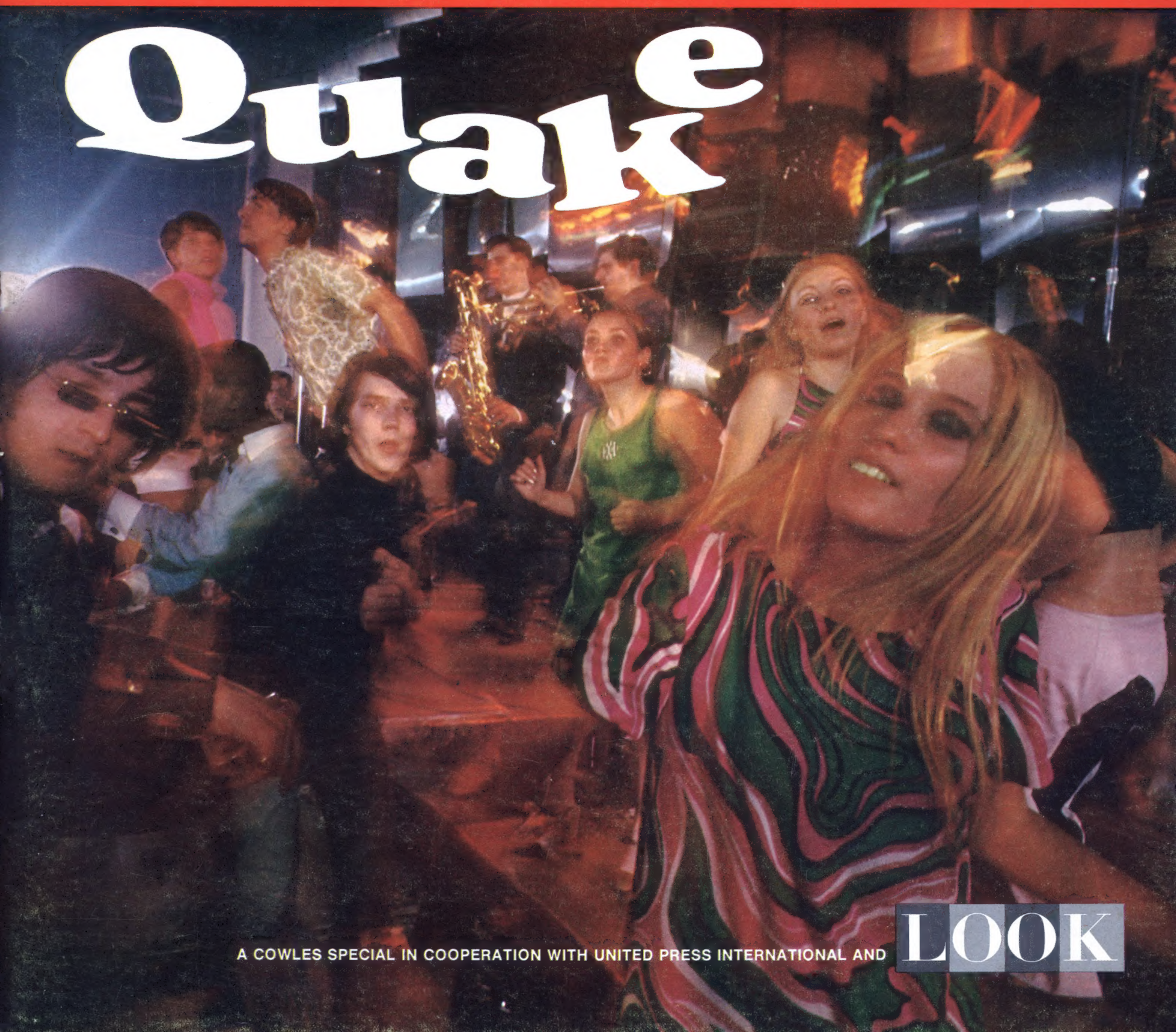

A COWLES SPECIAL IN COOPERATION WITH UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL AND LOOK

foreword

"WHAT'S THE YOUNGER GENERATION COMING TO?" has been a question asked since the days of Ancient Egypt. Youth has always been a puzzlement —even the quiet ones who make up the majority. But today, as youth by their sheer numbers have a greater and greater impact on our way of life, the question has developed greater urgency than ever before.

To find out what's happening, dozens of United Press International and LOOK editors, reporters, and photographers have been asking the question and recording the answers on college campuses, in high schools, and at the places young people frequent from Sunset Strip to Washington Square. This unique Cowles Special is the result.

Special acknowledgments are made to Jack V. Fox of UPI, who coordinated the preparation of articles; Harold Blumenfeld of UPI Newspictures, who gathered the pictures; Francine Klagsbrun, Managing Editor of the Cowles Book Division, who planned and supervised the project; and Edward Zytko of the Cowles Book Division, who designed the book.

DAVID C. WHITNEY
Editor
Cowles Book Division

In the color photograph on the cover, UPI photographer Dirck Halstead captures the Youthquake erupting at the Broadway Cheetah discotheque. For more on teen-age music and dances, see the article "The BIG Beat" beginning on page 63.

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Youth Quake

A visitor to our shores might well decide from the mass communications media that the youth of America has reached some sort of hysterical dementia, but such misconceptions are commonplace for those who miss the vast stretch of common sense lying between New York's Washington Square and Hollywood's Sunset Strip.

By JACK V. FOX, UPI NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL FUSCO AND DOUGLAS JONES, LOOK

YOUTH QUAKE CONTINUED

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once wisecracked that youth is wonderful, but what a crime to waste it on children. This is the generation of young Americans who seem determined that not a bit of it shall go to waste.

In so doing, they have brought about a Youthquake.

Over the centuries, adults have remarked patronizingly that the boys and girls of each new generation are pretty wild but, after all, not really much different than they were at that age.

Today's teen-agers and those in their early 20s are different, very different, and a great many adults are becoming uneasily aware of the fact. There has always been a gap between parent and child but this one seems to have become a generation gulf.

In the first place, there are now 30 million more Americans age 20 and under than there were in 1947. They number 81 million and make up 41 percent of the total population of the United States.

The tape measure and the scales prove they are bigger. A stop watch will show they are faster. Any parent can tell you they are smarter or, at least, savvier. The FBI can prove they are more lawless. Most churchmen will agree they are more skeptical. They may be no more idealistic but the Peace Corps shows them practicing what they preach. The generals say they are better soldiers. Madison Avenue knows they control the TV set.

Unmarried girls are having more than twice as many illegitimate babies as those of 1947. The greatest number of crimes are committed by 15-year-old boys.

Twenty years ago 25 percent of them went on to college. Last year it was 45.6 percent. In 1947-48, there were 6,305,168 students in high schools (71.3 percent of the age group). In 1965-66, there were 13 million or 92.1 percent.

Last year the country was building schools so fast that it amounted to an average of 15 new 20-classroom schools every day.

In the state of California alone, there are 939,232 minors driving automobiles. Girls 9 to 13 years old are the major purchasers of phonograph records. The world rec-

ord holder of the mile run is 19. So popular are "mod" fashions for teen-age girls that even young matrons find their choice of clothes sharply limited.

Their music on car and transistor radio boggles the adult mind and their no-contact dancing confounds the master of the fox trot. The scope of their drinking makes that of teen-agers in the 1940s seem like prohibition.

It's a Youthquake, all right, but the fact also is that their environment is quaking them as much or more than they are doing the moving and shaking.

When they reached an age of awareness they found waiting for them the jet airplane, the nuclear bomb, the television set, the computer, the birth control pill, the space capsule and a vaccine which had wiped out one of the great cripplers of the young.

They cheered as John Glenn rocketed into orbit around their world and wept at the murder of a young President whom many had built into a symbol of their own young hopes.

They found LSD and marijuana on the city street corners, racial hatred not only in the old South but in their northern neighborhoods. They watched an adult society in which drinking had become a status symbol in the glossy suburbs and sex jokes the norm of a mixed-company party.

Most of all they entered a life where science was transcendent. Says "communicator" Marshall McLuhan:

"Innumerable confusions and a profound feeling of despair invariably emerge in periods of great technological and cultural transitions. Our 'Age of Anxiety' is, in great part, the result of trying to do today's jobs with yesterday's tools—with yesterday's concepts.

"Youth instinctively understands the present environment—the electrical drama. It lives mythically and in depth. This is the reason for the great alienation between generations. Wars, revolutions, civil uprisings are interfaces within the new environments created by electric informational media."

In collecting the material for this book, United Press International and LOOK editors and reporters sought out and talked with hundreds of youths.

Young people talk freely—about pressures, about sex, music, dress, religion, Vietnam, college, drugs, parents,

What's this younger generation coming to!

We live in a decadent age. Young people no longer respect their parents. They are rude and impatient. They inhabit taverns and have no self control.—INSCRIPTION ON 6,000-YEAR-OLD EGYPTIAN TOMB.

For Youth, the future is long, the past short. It is easily deceived because it is quick to hope.—ARISTOTLE 330 B.C.

Youth is a perpetual intoxication; it is the fever of reason. —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD 1665.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—SWIFT 1714.

For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.—R. L. STEVENSON 1874.

If youth be a defect, it is one that we outgrow only too soon. —J. R. LOWELL 1886.

One of their trademarks is their reserve, their cool, their resistance to approach from their elders...

fads, books, money, military service, civil rights, politicians, drinking, how they hope to raise their own children. About surfing, motorcycling, underground movies.

One of the things that irritates them most is being classified as one big, amorphous group—teen-agers. They seize on statistics showing that less than 2 percent of them are involved in serious crime; that out of 33 million young men registered for selective service, only 372 last year were convicted of draft act violations.

They want to be thought of as individuals. And yet they are the very ones who are mortified if their attire or speech or social behavior varies from the norm, their norm.

They claim that what they want most is to be left alone. And yet one suspects that the long hair on boys and vulgar language from girls would not be nearly so "cool" had they no adult squares to shock.

A visitor to our shores might well decide from the mass communications media that the youth of America has reached some sort of hysterical dementia, but such misconceptions are commonplace for those who miss the vast stretch of common sense lying between New York's Washington Square and Hollywood's Sunset Strip.

UPI polled the editors of student newspapers at 70 universities and colleges. It asked, for one thing, whether there was a "rebellion" on American campuses and found the consensus to be "no."

If anything, the past several years have seen a trend away from protest demonstrations about civil rights. There are grave anxieties and doubt about the war in Vietnam, but the militant are a small and predictable core and the large majority of college students seems to share the country's mood that we have become involved in one of the unhappiest chapters of our nation's history, but that it must be seen through honorably and with determination.

There are far more demands for greater academic and social freedom in the higher levels of education and they have reached emotional levels at such great schools as the University of California at Berkeley and at Harvard. But, overall, there is a campus decorum.

Some young people think it is apathy. One of the more disturbing replies came from the student editor at Dartmouth who thinks youth are turning to hedonism:

"Activist college students are giving way to reality-fleeing, pleasure-seeking dropouts. Many students feel the protests have not worked. Society is still full of evils and college is still far from ideal. A new disillusionment is spreading in the second half of the 1960s, growing out of the earlier one but far more serious, more cynical, more hopeless."

There are indications the new generation is reading more, but reading differently. Many of the novels that appeal to youth are self-centered such as Salinger's brilliant *Catcher in the Rye* and Swiss author Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*, the story of a young boy in India who rebels against his Buddhist parents.

The thread that runs consistently through the wishes of young men particularly is the desire to travel overseas, but that perhaps is just an extension of a generation which hitch-hiked and rode the freights across America.

One of their trademarks is their reserve, their cool, their resistance to approach from their elders as distinct from a camaraderie of their own which extends more than ever to serious intellectual exchange between the sexes.

SEX REVOLUTION

Some authorities say "Yes" and some say "No" but statistics show rising illegitimate births and venereal diseases among teens.

BY PATRICIA McCORMACK, UPI NEW YORK

FROM THE HALLS OF higher learning to the shores of shifting sand, millions of American teen-agers are experimenting with new-found sexual freedom. Fed on Freud and Kinsey, reinforced by the Pill, they're not content to learn vicariously. Rather, they hit the experimental trail. In this scientific era they have been taught to seek answers based on experience, to accept no pat answers. Giving a wide berth to the surreptitious morals of their parents, the contemporary teen-agers prefer to be open and frank —so much so that on many college campuses the coed who is a virgin sometimes worries about being a square.

Thousands of girls face that question and answer it before they get to college. At a sex education meeting in Atlanta, a 15-year-old girl asked: "Is 15 too young to go all the way?" The girls who will go all the way seem to be greatly outnumbered by those who won't, but an awful lot of them do. One proof: In 1964, the latest year for which figures are available, there were 101,800 known illegitimate babies born to girls 15 through 19 years old. In 1963, there were 5,400 babies born to unmarried girls 14 and under.

The incidence of adolescent pregnancies is such that in a number of cities school boards provide separate classes, sometimes in separate buildings, to keep the pregnant teen-agers from missing out on their high school education. Last year there were 1,856 reported pregnancies among 200,000 adolescent girls in New

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Open displays of affection are common on college campuses—this one at the University of California, Berkeley. But have morals really changed? "The only difference between them and us," explains one coed, "is that we're not ashamed of sex. They thought everything was bad and they wanted to keep it a secret. . . . They did it, though."

York City, an increase of 20 percent over the previous year.

In a dozen cities special classes for pregnant high-schoolers are supported by federal funds, issued under Title I of the National Education Act, the section providing aid for "disadvantaged" children. Among the cities receiving aid: Detroit, Washington, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Philadelphia. Detroit, for one example, has more than 100 in classes held in churches rather than school buildings to "prevent exposure to other students." More than 500 are on the waiting list. The teen-agers now account for 40 percent of the out-of-wedlock births in a year.

On the college campuses, frank and open sex reaches its highest level. "Female wanted to share apartment with tall, virile Harvard bachelor; no strings" reads an ad in the *Harvard Crimson*. There are other ads like it. Harvard was one of the first schools to have an open-door policy, allowing females to visit males in their rooms. The door was supposed to be open the width of a book. Matchbooks were used. Rather than face student demonstrations, officials slowly liberalized visiting hours on hundreds of campuses.

Where the rules haven't been relaxed, the incidence of public displays of affection increases. At Michigan State University, a kiss-in was staged recently to protest a buss-boycott. Nearly a thousand students jammed chest to chest in a student lounge to protest the school's disciplining of two students who engaged in a prolonged goodnight embrace in a dormitory lounge. One student, clad in a white sheet, arrived at the kiss-in with a harem—10 coeds.

There were shockwaves, too, when the *Kansas State Collegian* came out with a report on abortions. "Hidden beneath a mountain of whispers, rumors and confidential information is the fact that an indeterminable number of K-State coeds do receive an abortion," wrote Melodie Bowsher, a student journalist. The conspiracy of secrecy about the underworld of abortions exists on many college campuses. "You just ask around until you find someone who knows," a coed said.

"Students want to work out their own moral code and want to get away from restrictions and rules established by an earlier generation...."

"Students want to work out their own moral code and want to get away from restrictions and rules established by an earlier generation," answered the editor of an East Coast university paper when asked about the sexual revolution on campus.

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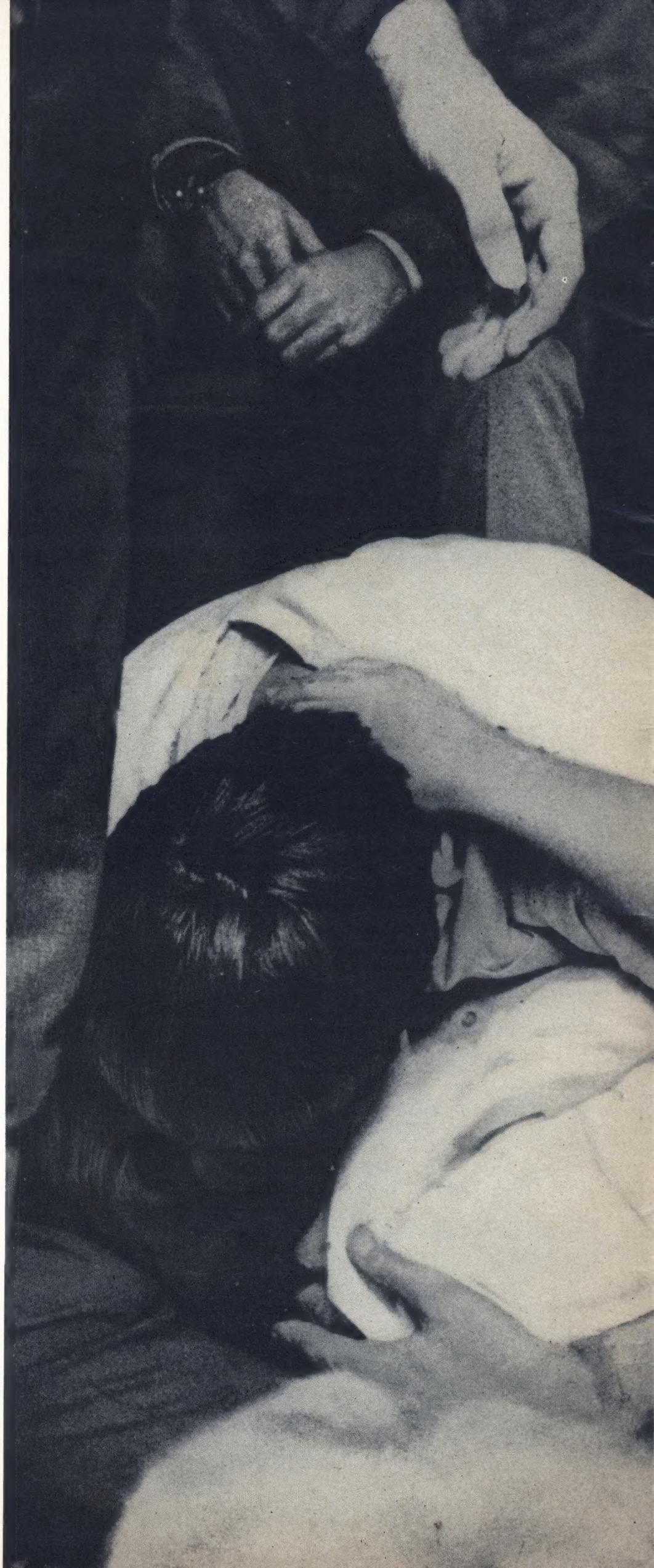

At campus kiss-in at Michigan State University, students crammed into student lounge and kissed away the hours. They were protesting disciplining of couple who had overextended a goodnight kiss.

A West Virginia University journalist, reporting on sex as a fact of life on campus, found students agreeing on reasons for premarital intercourse. The reasons: physical desire; to show adults you are going to do exactly what you want to do regardless of what they think; to release tension. But some students disagreed, showing that on that campus, as on most others, there are two sides to the sexual scene. "Let's be realistic," a student dissenter said, "sex drives are no higher today than they've ever been. There are just too many things in college to have your mind preoccupied with sex."

Still more and more student governments are demanding that their schools issue a policy on when and why the student health services will prescribe the Pill. Students at the University of California, Berkeley, voted 4 to 1 in favor of campus clinics distributing the Pill to unmarried students 18 and over.

The findings of a survey of 315 member institutions of the American College Health Association were reported by Dr. Ralph M. Buttermore, director of student health at Washington State University. Only 13 said they would prescribe for single women who are not about to be married. Some thought prescribing the Pill would express approval for premarital relations, implying that the school takes responsibility for activity running counter to the wishes of a great many parents.

Taking issue with such a position was Dr. Avram Goldstein, professor and executive head of the department of pharmacology at Stanford Medical School. He maintains that a physician's duty is to help people, not to judge them. He said contraception should be considered an integral part of medical practice. Sometimes when an unmarried woman asks for contraceptives, he noted, she is finding in premarital sex "an appropriate, mature response consistent with her own moral standards."

But there are some things the Pill does not protect against. Venereal disease is one and the American Social Health Association in a report on gonorrhea and syphilis found both rising in the teen-age population. At least 1 out of every 250 teen-age boys and girls was infected with gonorrhea in 1966. The rate of infection per 100,000 among the 15- to 19-year old age group for gonorrhea and syphilis was more than double the rate for all other age groups combined in 1965.

Since actual incidence of infection is considered to be four times the reported incidence, the official statistics considerably understate the seriousness of the problem.

Premarital sex has a variety of meanings. It can symbolize a struggle for independence, a reach toward maturity, a desire to keep up with the crowd. It can be a means of expressing rejection of parents, teachers, or church leaders. It can be an expression of loneliness and a wish for affection. It also occurs as an aspect of the commitment of a couple soon to be married.

Helen Southard, psychologist and expert in sex education with the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association maintains that youth in search of sexual experimentation are, in general, lonely and confused.

Barbara D. Van Cleve, dean of women at De Paul University, Chicago, in a report to the National Association of Women Deans and Counselors, described this feeling, saying:

"Casual love-making was and is a desperate search for ego satisfaction rather than obsessive sexual craving. Much of the wide-spread sexual conduct . . . of students can be traced to loneliness, the insecurity, the absence of normal family and community affection and companionship in our present society, and, of course, a certain sense of the futility and meaningless of the money and prestige oriented merry-go-round life onto which they are about to step."

But is there a greater problem today? Or are these problems just more before the public? And if there is a loosening will it continue? Or will there be an extreme reaction? The Family Service Association of America asked more than 100 associated units nationwide such questions in a survey of teen-age sex conduct. Susan Roberts, family life consultant with the association, who analyzed the replies, said:

"Society will have to struggle to help youth accept the consequences of their choice of sex ethics. Teen-agers, like their parents and other elders, are very much confused by current prevailing attitudes and practices.

"Ignorance, distortion, misinformation, and conflicting values abound. It is likely that teen-agers are more openly reflecting the behavior patterns secretly practiced by older people. Sex may come to be viewed as part of a mutually loving and responsible relationship either in or out of marriage. Marriage will be chosen primarily by those who want the unique opportunities and responsibilities inherent in it and will not have to bear the weight of those seeking primarily sexual freedom."

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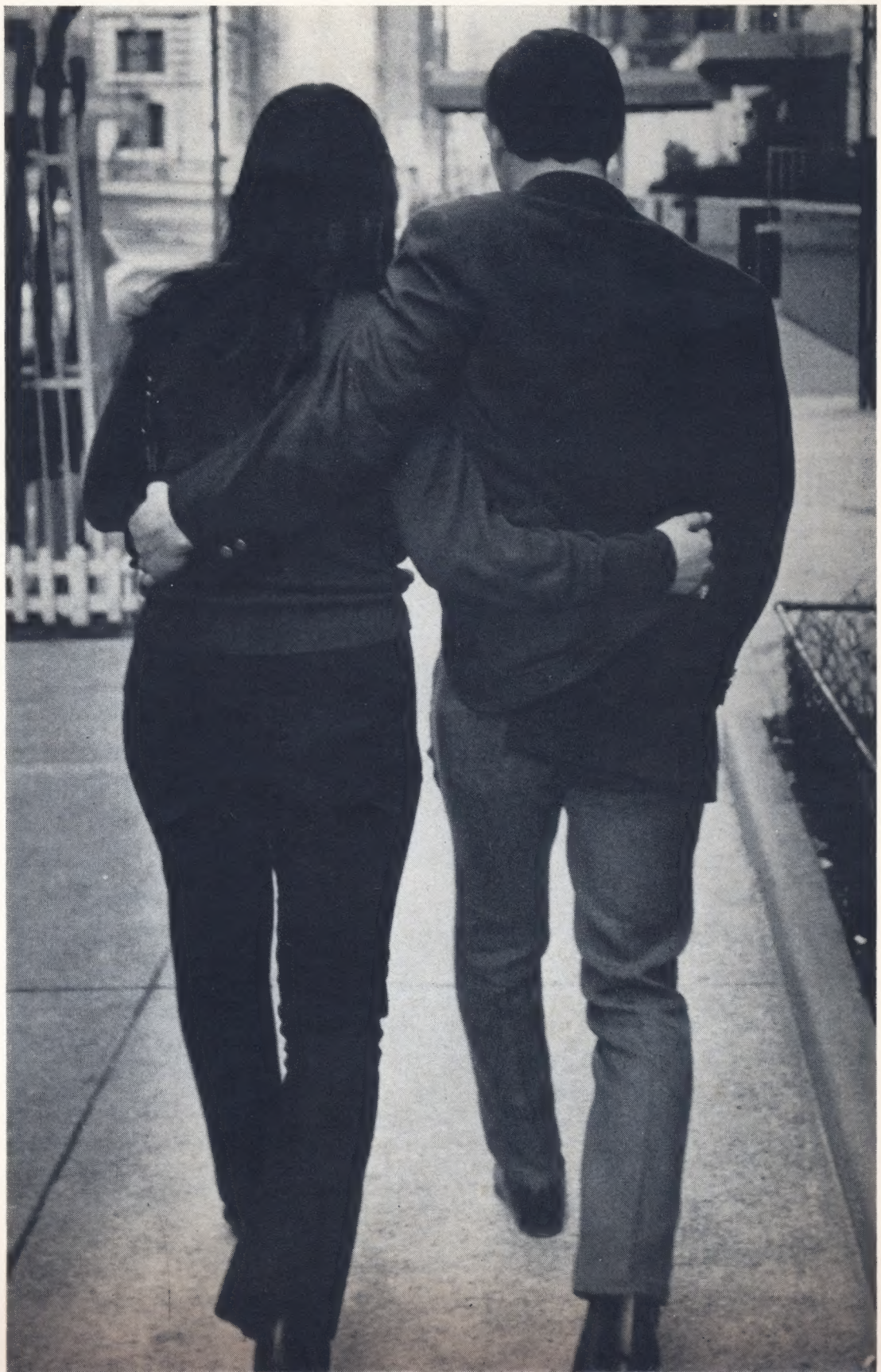

Teen-age Hustler:

"Love? Love is nothing."

Barbara F., 18, is a tall, pretty, blue-eyed hustler and lesbian. She started for $10 a night in Charleston, S.C., at 16, has had two live births, an abortion, and last year attempted suicide. Now, in Washington, D.C., her clients come from Capitol Hill. She keeps her own appointment book.

I WAS RAISED near Denver, Colo. I left school because I got pregnant. I was very gullible and naïve, and I was infatuated. I got pregnant in October. I remember I wasn't 16, and they gave me a lot of malarkey about it. I went to a woman doctor, and she called the school. They couldn't believe her, and she had to write a note for me. I lived with my mother in a trailer in my grandmother's front yard. I carried the baby full term till June and kept it two months. The baby's father and his wife paid all the medical expenses, took the baby and paid my mother $300 to keep her mouth shut. The baby goes by his father's name now. That man was very lucky he had an understanding wife because I sure wouldn't have understood.

I was illegitimate to begin with, and I never saw my real father. I hate my mother. Last I heard, she was through with her sixth husband and going for a magician. My grandmother was my legal guardian, and I led a very quiet life with her. I always went to church every Sunday. I loved school. I wanted to be a veterinarian. I love animals—most animals are better than people.

I left home that August. I told my mother I was going to my aunt's in Lake Wales, Fla., but I had a girl friend in Charleston, S.C. My mother gave me the money. She didn't care where I went, just so I went. I had big ideas about living by myself. I thought it would be better not to have mother crawl down my back. My views have changed. Sometimes, I would like to have someone crawl down my back now. I lived with my girl friend in a Charleston hotel. The first night, she showed me how she worked out of a nearby lounge. We went down to the bar, and she introduced me to Big Tom, who ran the lounge. I thought I was just supposed to hustle drinks. I was very naïve. The second night, I had my first John [client]. We went to his hotel room. I never had a set fee, still don't. I got $10 and one ripped blouse for that night. I was sweet 16.

I got booked twice in Charleston. I had to "service" two detectives to get out of the first rap. The second time, Big Tom paid the cops $101 and got me off. I went from Charleston to Washington, and the city scared me—it still does. Bobby, my girl friend, started writing me these groovy letters. When I got back, her hair was cut short. She was tougher. She was a butch [tough lesbian] for me—we lived together. I didn't hustle. She supported me with her hustling. But we had a fight. Lesbians are way more jealous than men. She accused me of fooling around with other butches. I wasn't. I got upset, had fits, and my doctor advised me to come to Washington.

I arrived in the bus station in D.C., went straight to [a department store] and stole a complete outfit: $85 suit, shoes, bra, panties, stockings, girdle—the first time I ever stole. I changed at the bus station, stuffed my old clothes in a locker and walked across the street to a go-go joint. There, I met Rocky, a pimp. He got me a job. The guy at his table wanted me to go with him, and I said I'd go, but it would cost him. There's no point in getting into the bedroom and then talking money—it kinda puts a guy down. He leaves with you knowing he's got a "score." I got $30 for that night. I still see him, but I get $50 now.

I make anywhere from $800 to $900 a month after I pay my bills, and my grandmother gets most of that. I partially support my grandmother. I feel a duty toward her. She was good to me when I was growing up. I used to work out of bars, but now I'm building up a steady clientele. I never make less than $30 a night. I work Capitol Hill—not a setup like a call girl, but a good, steady job. I have a girl friend, a very feminine butch, who works on Capitol Hill and sets me up with guys from her office. She doesn't approve of my hustling, but she's in love with me and does it for that. I've been to embassy parties that were orgies. My Johns are mostly Government workers, congressmen and a few transients. A lot are married. I have guys who come to me after a hard day at the office. I go on vacations with some of them or, when their wives are away, I live with them for a week or so. I don't take any work at my apartment. I have two telephones, and I keep a list of Johns in my appointment book—when and where. You have to keep an appointment book. Everyone does.

To me, a prostitute is somebody who walks around the streets "scoring" for 25 cents. She's on pot or drugs, and she needs the money. But a hustler is more stable, more steady, and puts her money in the bank, buys good-looking clothes, a car, lives well. A hustler puts on a good front, and she looks good at parties. A prostitute looks like one. You can spot her on the street. But a hustler looks like any clean-cut American working girl.

I tried to commit suicide last October. I've tried to face reality, but I'm not facing it too well. I slashed my wrists, drank two bottles of paregoric and a bottle of laundry bleach. I bled for ten hours before I told anybody I did it.

I've been pregnant three times—carried two to term and had an abortion—and I hustled well into the sixth month. I had the abortion in a private home here in D.C. A doctor did it. I was on the birth-control pill, but they made me sick and bloated. So I stopped and went to a contraceptive foam, but it didn't work. I take a different brand of pill now. I could have an operation, but I don't want that because I might, I really might, fall in love at 25 and get married and want kids. I really love kids.

I don't worry about the morality of it. I think I'm as good as anybody else. The movie star who gets up on the screen and shows off her body and excites the little kids in the theater is the immoral one.

I'm under analysis. I detest my mother. I have sexual hang-ups. I turned against guys a long time ago. I like them as buddies, but not to go to bed with. I've never had a steady boyfriend. I'm getting paid to supply them, and I don't get anything out of this but money. I've become a very good actress at 18. Love? Love is nothing.

Conversations parents never hear...

BY JACK SHEPHERD, LOOK

UNWED MOTHER: "IF I KEEP THE BABY... IT JUST WOULDN'T BE RIGHT."

Betty D. is 17, single and eight months pregnant. She is blonde, delicately colored and plain. Since her third month of pregnancy, she's been ticking off time in a charity maternity hospital for unwed mothers, 400 miles from home. Like most of the girls there, she pays what she can toward her prenatal care and delivery. Next month, Betty will be back home, and her baby will be up for adoption.

Conversations parents never hear...

I CAME TO THIS HOME in the South because Mother and Daddy thought it would be best for my little brother and sister. I know they are right. And I wouldn't have wanted some of my friends to find out. They all think I've gone away to school, so I told them I was expelled. My best friends know the truth.

The home is really fine. It wasn't what I expected it to be. The girls are awful nice. Most are as nice as my friends at home. We have arts and crafts on Monday and Tuesday. We have home nursing, prenatal care. I've sent off for a bookkeeping course, but I'm just keeping up. I hope to go to night school and work when I go back home. I have a job. Some friends of my parents have a beauty shop, and I can go there and be a receptionist. Most of us here would rather be at home, but we realize that it's best this way.

Don—he's the guy—he and his wife have been separated for almost two years. Don's 25. He doesn't even know I'm up here, 'cause if he did, he'd come up and try to save me or something. He'd just tear the place apart. One of my good friends writes me all the time that he keeps looking places for me and asking where I'm at, but she won't tell him.

Yes, I told Don I was pregnant right away. He got all upset. He didn't know what to do. He just didn't know what. I didn't press him about trying to get a divorce or anything like that. His wife doesn't know about me, and if she did, she'd make it so's he couldn't see his little girl. You should see him when he's with her. His eyes just light up.

I met Don in the parking lot of a drive-in. He works nights. At first, I didn't tell my parents that Don was separated, but they found out later. They got all mad and started to fuss. So I started sneaking out without them knowing it. I'd say I was staying with a girl friend or something like that. Once I got pregnant, I just quit going to school 'cause I was so sick in the morning.

It wasn't hard, because Mother worked and left home before I was supposed to leave for school. I'd just wait till she'd gone and go back to bed. I called the school and said I'd quit. Then they called Mother and asked her if she knew. I packed up and went to a friend's after Mother called me, but I came back, and she cried and was all upset. I'd been planning to tell her before, but I just hadn't.

I'm not sorry for what's happened, except that it has hurt my parents and all my relatives and everything. We'll get married eventually; when Barbara gives him a divorce. If I keep the baby . . . it just wouldn't be right. I've thought about just everything, but he'll have illegitimate on his birth certificate and all. It just wouldn't be right. I've never stopped to question my morality, just my luck. I always knew what I'd do when I loved somebody. The only thing that bothers me is the thought that I have to give up the baby. My parents don't really understand. They just act like this is a bad dream, and that it will soon be over.

Last time they visited, we all took a motel room and went swimming. I put on a maternity bathing suit, and Mother said, "Where are you going in that?" and laughed at me. I know she really wanted to cry. I changed into shorts, and she still laughed. They've just got it all wrong. They think everything is going to be fine as soon as the baby is born. I know it won't. It will take me a long time to get over seeing the baby.

I care a lot about my parents. I didn't ever get along with my Daddy. But he's been great since this happened, except for the beginning, when he wanted an abortion. But I didn't think it was right. That was the first thing Daddy said: "We'll get an abortion." I don't know how I got out of it, since he was so all-fire shook on it.

I don't think there is a double standard. I know that a lot of girls are doing it, and a lot of boys are doing it. People who don't know that don't know anything. Times have changed, that's all. Mother always talked about how things were when she was young, the whole time I was growing up, but I always knew that things were different today. I guess I was pretty innocent and everything, though. Five years ago, I never thought I'd be here. . . . Maybe I've always been out of step in other people's eyes. Like in the 5th grade, this girl and I had on lipstick, and the teacher told us to go in the washroom and wash it off. So we just went in and put it on darker and went back in the room. She told us to go and wash it off again, and we just put it on some more. We kept on wearing it, and the teacher made us sit in the hall for three days straight. We'd just put it on every five minutes, so it was good and thick. Finally, we came into the room one day, and she didn't say anything or make us go sit in the hall. We just kept on wearing it until she shut up. I guess I've never been afraid to do what I want to when it doesn't hurt anybody else and I know I want to do it.

I just don't know what it will be like when I see Don again. I know I'll see him, but I don't think of what we'll do. I know he's thinking I hate him and all 'cause I haven't gotten in touch with him or anything. But that's not it. I just can't tell him where I'm at. You see, if she found out about me, she wouldn't give him a divorce.

I guess I'll give up the baby. I hadn't wanted to, but Mother and Daddy, they were against keeping it and everything, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized it wouldn't be fair to the baby and all. I'm just hoping I can go through with signing the papers. When I was first pregnant, I guess I was pretty attached to my baby. The other day, he had the hiccups. Did you know babies do everything they do in life before they are born except make noise? I can tell when he hiccups because I can feel the jumping in my chest.

But now I am going to have to get used to the idea of giving him up. Here at the home, you can see the baby when he is first born, then again on the fifth day and the tenth. After they cut the cord, they put him on your stomach so you can see. A lot of the girls, they don't want to see their baby. But, I don't know, I just gotta' see mine.

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BY BETTY BAER, LOOK

Cheerleader:

"You can't just be a quiet person all the time..."

Jean F., 17, is a senior cheerleader at her Maine high school. She also belongs to the Dramatic Society, International Relations Club, Junior Escorts (graduation ushers), Young Democrats and a sorority. Her clothes are appropriately pretty, her hair bounces the way it's supposed to. She is the only child of attentive, affectionate, middle-class parents.

CHEERLEADING IS the greatest. When you're cheering, you're really a part of something exciting. You're getting all those people interested and enthusiastic about a thing. It's just kind of inside you that you want your team to win.

You really have to be kind of loud to be a cheerleader. You can't just be a quiet person all the time, and you can't get scared in front of a lot of people. We practice every night in the summer. In the winter, we leave right after school for a wrestling match, get a hamburger someplace, and then rush to the basketball game. You have to be willing to give a lot of time.

Last summer, we all went away to cheerleading school. When we got back, my father had had a brown-and-gold fringe made for our Jeep. Those are our school colors. He lets us use the Jeep to go to games and pull floats and stuff. Once, we were late to a game because it ran out of gas, and we got a standing ovation when we arrived.

Sure, there's a lot of prestige. You're elected by the whole school, and you're a representative of it. If you're a cheerleader, people know who you are. You have to set an example for the other kids. One of the girls was thrown off the team for drinking last year.

About 60 or 70 kids go out for cheerleading every year. You have to have a 2.6 [B—] average and good citizenship and attendance records. First, you try out in front of the old cheerleaders, three teachers, the sponsor and president of Pep Club, the principal and the assistant principal. You're judged on pep and enthusiasm, appearance, jumping, accuracy and coordination. They choose 18 kids to try out in front of the whole school. There are three assemblies. Then six are elected. I have the congratulations notice they sent me hung up on my closet door with all the other things I want to remember.

We have a lot of rallies on Fridays to raise the spirit so we'll be ready to go on Saturday. If the cheerleaders didn't get excited, the crowd never would. Of course, you've got to have a winning team. Last year, our team was City Champion in football. I don't really know what formation they play. I could draw it for you, but I don't know what it's called. Our basketball team was second in the city, and the baseball team won the state championship. So right now the spirit in our school is just great. This is an important thing, because it gives the individual kid a sense of caring about his school aside from just the academic part of it. Without school spirit, kids would just go to school and come home and do nothing but study.

I guess if I spent more time working, I'd probably get better grades. But if I studied all the time, I probably wouldn't have any fun. Besides, you meet so many different people by doing different things. When I go to college, I think it would be just great to room with a Negro girl or a Chinese girl or somebody with a whole different background from mine.

On the whole, I'm a pretty carefree type. My life is generally easy. Our generation has had everything handed to it. Our parents were Depression kids, and they didn't have many things, so now they want us to have them. They value the dollar more than we do. With kids today, if you need money, you get it from your parents, that's all. We may be getting too much too easily, but we have the pressure of learning to accept it all.

I think I have the greatest parents in the world. They were strict with me, and I appreciate this. I was an only child, and they tried hard not to spoil me. They wouldn't let me date until I was sixteen. Now, it's all new to me, and I'm loving it. I have to be home by one after dances, and I call them if I'm going to be late for some reason. We never disagree on this. I know they love me, and they worry about me. I'm going to be strict with my kids.

When I was in the first grade and I was six years old, I had been a bad girl all that year. I guess I had been just generally sassy and disrespectful. Anyway, I wanted a bicycle for Christmas more than anything. Christmas morning, I ran to the tree to get my bike, and it wasn't there. My father explained that Santa Claus knows everything, and he knew I'd been bad.

Sometimes, parents push their kids too much. Be popular, get good grades, go to college, make money, all that. I don't think anyone should go to college if he doesn't want to. We still need plumbers, you know. As far as I'm concerned, I won't be finished with school until I'm out of law school. But that's just me and what I want to do. The worst thing you can do to a kid is push him into something he doesn't like.

I know there are some kids who have sexual relations before marriage, but I think this is very definitely morally wrong. Marriage is sacred, and you should save it for marriage. If you don't, somehow you'll be punished for it.

I hate missionaries—not doctors and nurses and people who give real help—but people who are always telling you what to do and what to believe. Think about people who worship the sun. Really, in some ways, they get more for their belief than we do. It comes up every morning. It goes down every night. You can understand it. Why should somebody try to sell them something different?

The trouble is that most people don't seem to care about things enough to question them or try to do anything about them. Like Vietnam. People don't pay any attention. They just let it happen. The only ones who do seem to care about it are those beardy people. We saw this movie, *While Brave Men Die,* in school, and it had all these dirty, beatniky types out demonstrating against the war. Yes, they have a right—but I don't know if I would like to call this type of person an American.

A lot of things confuse me, and I think about them a lot, but I'm not really a worrier. I'm not really afraid of the future or death or anything like that. Oh sure, I get panicky for a minute sometimes and worry something's going to happen to my family. But on the whole, I'm not afraid.

BY MARGARET ENGLISH, LOOK

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Married at 17, Sorry at 30

Singer Buddy Greco calls his teen-age marriage: "the worst thing I've ever done."

"... As I started to mature I realized that we didn't know what life was all about. We didn't have anything in common ..."

"... I didn't like anything she did and she didn't agree with anything I did ..."

"... The kids were the ones who suffered. They were for both sides ..."

"... I decided that having peace of mind as a human being was more important."

BACK IN 1945, Buddy Greco made a record called "Oooh! Looka There, Ain't She Pretty." It sold 1.5 million copies. The company which handled it went out of business and Greco got very little money out of the recording but Benny Goodman heard the song and liked it. He hired Greco.

Buddy thought he had it made—at 17. So he and his girl were married. "It was," he says, "the worst thing I've ever done.

"We had two kids right away and then we were traveling virtually all over the world with two young daughters. As I started to mature I realized that we didn't know what life was all about. We didn't have anything in common. All we did was fight. I didn't like anything she did and she didn't agree with anything I did.

"The kids (they also had a son) were the ones who suffered. They were for both sides . . . it was very bad.

"After four or five years I couldn't help thinking we'd be better off unmarried. But because of my religion (Greco was Roman Catholic) getting divorced was thought of as impossible. I put up with it.

"Finally I was married 13 years and couldn't stand it any longer. I took the two girls aside—it was in 1958 or 1959—and told them Daddy was leaving. I told them I wouldn't live with them anymore, that their mother and I couldn't agree on anything. I figured they'd think it was the worst thing possible. Much to my surprise, they didn't act like kids. They understood."

The divorce cost Buddy Greco his religion.

"But I decided that having peace of mind as a human being was more important."

Buddy said after being divorced he swore he would never marry again. But two years passed and . . .

"I met this fantastic human being who went through the same thing I did. She was married at 16, divorced at 17. She understood the problems I went through. I married her . . . Dani. And after seven years we're still like little kids. We still hold hands, laugh, and are very much in love."

Greco's oldest daughter, Cindy, recently talked of becoming engaged to a boy she dated for several months.

"I put my foot down," Buddy says. "I told Cindy being engaged at her age was, well, I pointed out how it had worked out for her mother and me. She was upset but then she said, 'Okay, Daddy.' "

He thinks parents must take a stand.

"Kids have everything going for them today. They can finish school and get an education. I would have liked an education more than almost anything. I had a music scholarship that I had to turn down so I could go to work. That's how poor my parents were. It's different today. It's like I told Cindy—she can go to college. And she's going to do it."

BY ANDREW McGILL, UPI, DETROIT

How a college senior in search of a husband paid a $3 fee, filled out a form, and married the man of her dreams.

Happily married after a computer-arranged meeting, Susan and William Goldberg say they have no complaints, but that some of their friends were not so lucky—"they ended up with losers."

MACHINE-MADE MATES

SUSAN GOLDBERG, 22, found both a job and a husband through computers.

Now a computer programmer at the University of Wisconsin, Susan met William Goldberg in 1965 through a computer dating bureau called "Operation Match."

The system "has a long way to go before they can program personality," says the 23-year-old Goldberg. "The computer can't marry you. All it is is a better way of setting up a blind date, with a better chance of succeeding, perhaps."

Goldberg, a graduate student in chemistry at the University of Wisconsin, applied while an undergraduate at MIT. It was "sort of a lark," he says. "I was just looking for a girl to go out with . . . it worked out very well."

But Susan, a senior at Boston University when she applied, admits that "a senior girl in college is sort of always looking for a mate."

After she and Goldberg dated for ten weeks and then became engaged, the young wife says, all the girls in her dormitory filled out computer-dating forms, willingly paying the $3 fee.

"I know some girls, though, who never even heard from anyone on the list," she reports.

Susan herself almost didn't hear from her future husband. He called another girl on his list of eight possible choices first. "She wasn't home," he says, adding quickly, "I think that was a lot of luck."

He thinks the computer did "a surprisingly accurate job" in matching them, although his wife says many of the 75 likes and dislikes to be filled out on applications are "so arbitrary."

They agreed that their Jewish religion. their former New York City backgrounds, their heights and their ages were their most important common traits.

"We haven't had any big differences" in nine months of marriage, Goldberg says.

Although they personally know no other computer-engaged couples, both felt their programmed match was not especially spectacular.

"It's a topic of conversation at first, that 'I've been engaged by a computer,' " says Goldberg. "But after a while you forget about it. It isn't very important."

Despite occasional anti-war rallies and draft card burnings, there is no real evidence of youth in revolt against the Vietnam War.

TORN BY WAR

"...they called and we came."

DEBATE OVER THE DRAFT and Vietnam among American youth fizzles out at the battlefront.

In the rice paddy, the unhappy rhythm and blues of the induction center is replaced by fear of not "looking good" in the eyes of fellow soldiers. It may be as healthy a cause for heroism as patriotism in the skeptical world of the young where dissent thrives.

According to the best available evidence, relatively few young Americans oppose the war and the military service it demands. The UPI took a survey of 70 American colleges and universities and the one theme that ran through the replies on this question was: We shouldn't have gotten involved in Vietnam, but—having done so—we must see it through.

There is strong dissent. However, most of the dissent is talk. Few appear willing to fight for their belief that the war is wrong or to risk prison to avoid the draft. In the end, most choose to fight the Viet Cong.

The soldiers in Vietnam are the same youths who at home held endless bull sessions on the war and the draft. At Phu Cat in South Vietnam's central highlands, with the Viet Cong out there in the dark beyond the U.S. listening posts, I watched teen-agers in uniform build a campfire and sing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" and "Blowin' In the Wind." They sang the sad songs out of nostalgia for the land and the life they missed. Those who listened had lumps in their throats—for gentleness in war is awesome. They heard no protest, no sound of juvenile delinquency in the rice paddy.

Marine Lance Corporal David Nowak of Albion, N.Y., and Da Nang, Vietnam, spoke for his generation when he said: "We were asked to come and we did. The Communists have to be stopped somewhere and it may as well be here. I don't believe any of our combat troops wants to be here. But there's a job to do and the faster we do it the faster we can all go home."

In Vietnam there are American voices griping. A young army doctor in Qui Nhon is bitter about being plucked from his Philadelphia baby practice. An Air Force sergeant writes his congressman about thousands of taxpayer dollars spent in decorating a general's cottage. A navy contracting officer mails his wife "evidence" to prove waste and corruption. But this correspondent in nine months in Vietnam heard only one serviceman argue that he was fighting in the wrong war, at the wrong time, in the wrong place.

And, clearly, in America the young dissenters are a minority within a minority.

Approximately 33 million males are registered for the draft. A Selective Service System spokesman says only an "infinitesimal" percentage fail to answer their greetings from

BY RICHARD GROWALD,
UPI WAR CORRESPONDENT

". . . We were asked to come and we did. The Communists have to be stopped somewhere and it may as well be here. I don't believe any of our combat troops wants to be here, but there's a job to do and the faster we do it the faster we can all go home . . ." David Nowack, CAC 2, 1st Marines, Albion, N.Y. (left)

". . . America had promised to support the Vietnamese if and when they needed it. Well, they called and we came. As for me, I figure every man owes his country at least a two-year hitch in the service . . ." Pfc. J. Dickerson, 1st Marines, Rifleman, Trenton, N.J. (above)

". . . The Americans have never in the past turned down an appeal for help from a nation fighting for their freedom. Just look at the Koreans, we've helped them in the past and now they're helping us . . ." L/Cpl Richard L. Tressler, 1st Marines, Fire team leader, Indiana, Pa. (left)

Uncle Sam. In 1966, only 372 failed to do so. The dissenters thin out to a handful when the induction officer asks them to take the symbolic step forward and raise their right hands.

A few, like New Yorker David L. Miller, 24, burn their draft cards at an emotion-packed rally. A few more, like Bob Thomas, a 22-year-old from Indiana, hop into permanent Canadian exile. (Thomas couldn't persuade his 18-year-old brother to join him.) Coed Susan M. Costello, 19, of Bethesda, Md., who considers U.S. policy in Vietnam "imperialistic," says: "Some people I know have even said they were taking drugs or were homosexuals to get out of being drafted."

There is no question but that many young men cling to college and go on into postgraduate courses to duck the draft—and it is not considered dishonorable by most of their peers. A number marry earlier than they otherwise would for the same reason.

To Bill Bailey, a premedical student from Steubenville, Ohio, Vietnam is an American "moral disaster," but he says he has no objection personally to going into the service. Dennis Jackson, 21, a senior at Mississippi's Belhaven College, says it was Washington's "series of errors" that brought U.S. forces into Vietnam, but now we have to win and "need to accelerate our offensive efforts in Vietnam."

Many young Americans want the draft system changed. Walter J. Trubic, an 18-year-old Pittsburgh University student, wants the minimum age raised from 18 to 19. "I think 18 is too young—another year would bring more maturity." (In Vietnam, many commanders prefer teen-agers, arguing they obey better in battle than older men.) Former Marine John Redelfs, 21, of Omaha, Nebr., says: "The draft is demoralizing to the people involved. We would get more out of the men who volunteer." Larry Bruener, a 22-year-old University of Texas student, opposes any draft. "Serving in the armed forces should be a privilege and not a punishment for not making good grades."

A poll of 30,500 students at 23 universities by the National Student Association showed 60 percent disliked automatic student draft deferments—their chief gripe about the draft. Ninety percent favored the draft.

Another youth approach to the Vietnam War: Helping the people to help themselves. The International Volunteer Service recruits young people to work in Vietnam and teach the villagers modern methods of building. American IVS volunteer Kit Anderton (below, in shorts) spent his summer vacation in a Montagnard village. By summer's end, he and his trainees had constructed schoolhouses, bridges, and scores of wells.

"I'll serve my country, but I'll do it my way."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR:

Richard R., 19, is a California college sophomore now classified I-S by his draft board. He majors in art. His family is wealthy, social and literate. Richard's hair is long, his dress, indifferent. He has been a student demonstrator, a civil-rights partisan. He is bright, his SAT (scholastic aptitude tests) math score was 800 (exceptional). He is one of the younger generation who insists upon exercising his right to challenge "adult" ideas.

YOU KEEP SAYING *my* group, *my* generation. This infuriates me, because it's not true. I don't have an age limit on things. Again, it is this thing about time. I don't think, for example, that I've lived 19 years—maybe it's only been four. It's not age or experience; it's in your mind. Some guy could have lived a life by 16 because he knows where he is in his mind.

Yes, my father was in World War II, a lieutenant on a PT boat, I think. Once, I wore his Navy cap when I was about four, and lost it. . . .

My mother and my father and I have debated ideas about pacifism. I've always believed man is not basically bestial. I think that when my father got interested in liberal politics and art, it affected me. When I was 16, I knocked on doors in the neighborhood, trying to get people to vote "No" on Proposition 14, which was actually a vote *for* integration. I tried every fourth house and did it for about two weeks. Most everyone was nice, they talked to me. Most of them are concerned with property. I don't think a person's life is property, I think it is a manifestation of a man's life. Then someone said to me, "What if a man feels that his life *is* his property?" . . . Well, I don't know the answer to that.

At my prep school, we had compulsory morning chapel, but you didn't have to kneel, so I didn't kneel. We mostly went in the mornings because you could smoke in the bus; we had a semihonor system. You can't have such a thing. You're supposed to work on the inside of you. You can't set up a board to make sure of someone's conscience. In our philosophy class, the teacher would leave the class during the exams. He was the only one who would do that, and it was the only class where there was no cheating. Once, one guy did cheat, and we all went up to him and said, "Look, we're not going to beat you up, but WHAT ARE YOU DOING!"

. . . When someone confronts me with the question, DO YOU BELIEVE IN A SUPREME BEING? Maybe that's unanswerable. But I'm going to say YES because of my basic Episcopal background. The Church split with me when I was 12. I used to like to go to church. I got up two hours early on Sundays to be ready, and I was an altar boy. When I went away to school, it started to go away. It was so ritualistic. . . . You *had* to go to church, it was like brushing your teeth. You *had* to be there, and when I *had* to, I couldn't do it. I'd sleep late or pretend I was sick. God is not like a Big Man Out There, He is inward; maybe He is Love. . . . Anyway, I don't want to be generated by fear, I'd rather be generated by something positive.

I wasn't doing anything about nonviolence until my best friend and I went to prep school together. He really kicked me when I wasn't moving. If I don't want to join the Army, I shouldn't have to. Nonviolence for me is *spontaneous*. . . . If I had to go to jail for my beliefs, I say now, "Yes," but I would rather not romanticize it. I think the draft boards should be made up of artists and writers asking people *why* they want to get in the Army, because war is so horrible, so absurd.

I thought that the fraternity was the only way to go in college. Then I marched in some demonstrations, and one night, I came down to dinner at the house wearing a Free Speech Movement button. There were about 40 guys there, and they all started yelling and laughing at me. I still like a lot of guys there, but I was driven crazy. One of them started to manhandle me, calling me a Communist and an anarchist. That was when I was kicked out of the frat. As I said, I thought once that the fraternity was the only way to go, and it's funny that it was the first thing to go out of my life.

Somebody did take movies and pictures of demonstrators at my school. I don't know who they were for, the FBI or the CIA. If such pictures are passed around, they can be damaging to individuals and affect their chances for jobs, as they were in the House Un-American Activities Committee. It never bothers me because I'm not hiding anything. But in the HUAC cases, the same as during the McCarthy era, a lot of people are damaged. Today, in antiwar demonstrations, the police might identify the demonstrators with communism, that nonexistent threat to America.

People should not be against soldiers and generals, though, they should be against themselves first. The soldiers and generals are just filling a gap that shouldn't be there.

The most underprivileged people in America are the cops. They're always dressed in blue. They should wear bell-bottom trousers and shades, so they could see out but you couldn't see in. Still, I suppose most of them are OK.

The stigma that comes with the CO? I'm aware of it. . . . My mother said, "Well, 95 percent of your friends will go into the Army." I said, "They are *your* friends, not *mine*."

The closest I ever come to hostility to people is when they do things that hurt other people, especially me. Even words can be violent. Ideas should be open to change. Yet because I'm nonviolent doesn't mean that I'll never say NO.

When I was in the 7th grade, my best friend ripped the books out of my hand when we were coming back from school, and I ran after him. Well, I hit him once, and then he hit me. . . . But something was screaming inside me to have *someone break it up* . . . and then we stopped fighting, even though there were about 20 people watching. . . .

I'll serve my country. I'll do it my way. I can work in an insane asylum, or with the Goodwill, anything but a connection with the Army. The Students for a Democratic Society have a good idea—Build, not Burn—and I think these people are CO's, but they won't say so because it's such a stigma, such a hassle. The student movement doesn't believe in the father image. Daddy is *not* always right.

The basic flaw in society is mistrust of people. The three words that turn people off in a political context are *love* and *human being*. They say, OK, but in a political context, they are no longer realities. No, I don't believe we are on the *eve of destruction*. But I can't do anything about it, except for myself, within myself.

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BY GEREON ZIMMERMANN, LOOK

Conversations parents never hear...

Student Views on

VIETNAM

Robert Goldstein, 19, of Bethesda, Md., junior at the University of Illinois in Champaign.

I feel there are two basic reasons why the United States is at fault in the war in Vietnam. One is that it is not at all related to our national security and another is that we are not going to achieve what we want. President Kennedy, I think, once said that victory would be ashes in our mouth. Vietnam once was a chief rice-producing country. Now it is importing its rice. We are defoliating and ravaging a country, destroying its very means of survival. I don't favor communist government in Vietnam or any government by force but I do challenge what gives us the right to send boys all over the world to try and run it.

Patricia Saust, 21, of Arlington Heights, Ill., senior at University of Illinois in Champaign.

I think we should quit fooling around in Vietnam and get down to business. The war is dragging on—some say it might go on for 20 years. I think everyone is getting sick of it. We should use progressive bombing tactics. We have the equipment to win the war and we should quit messing around. I think we lost the Korean War because we were there too long. I think we should go out for total victory—forget any peace treaty.

Steve Rigsby, 16, of Richmond, Va., junior in high school.

My father and my grandfather fought in war. I think I should fight for peace if necessary. You should face it. It's a duty you have to give to your country. I'm living right now in freedom. Why shouldn't I fight for my children's freedom? You're fighting for children to come. If you don't like communism, why let them grow up in communism?

Dennis Jackson, 21, senior at Belhaven College, Jackson, Miss.

Being 21 and eligible for the draft, I feel that I am entitled to speak out on Vietnam. In the first place, I feel that we are fighting in Vietnam today as a result of a series of errors committed by some of our high-ranking officials. But the stark fact is that we are in war in Southeast Asia and all of America's prestige is at stake in that little country. We need to accelerate our offensive efforts in Vietnam, to make a show of our military strength and force Ho Chi Minh into a peace settlement.

Sandra Lafe, 20, of Gibsonia, Pa., senior at Chatham College, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I don't think we can defend our participation in the war in Vietnam on moral grounds. We have a pragmatic purpose—to establish the kind of government in Saigon that would be favorable to the United States. This war has riled up the domestic situation. The citizens don't seem to be behind the war in Southeast Asia as they were in World War II or the conflict in Korea. Our goals in this war, it seems to me, are hazy. Yet I favor being in the war since we already are in it. But it is not a war of ideologies but rather one in which we hope to present a picture of our foreign policy.

Cleveland Martin, 19, of Sandston, Va., high school graduate now working as an apprentice in a commercial printing firm.

People can get drafted when they are 18, but can't vote until they're 21. They are considered old enough to die for their country, but not old enough to vote, buy beer or other things.

Jonathan Wheeler, 17, of Marion, Ill., high school senior.

I don't think we have any business in Vietnam. I think we would resent any external forces who would attempt to change our political structure. I don't think we have any interests there except economic interests and the war is greatly stimulating our economy. I would rather fight communism in our own hemisphere. We have it 90 miles off our coast in Cuba and had a chance to do something about it but muffed it. Now we aren't saying much about it.

John K. Powless, 17, of Marion, Ill., high school senior.

We are attempting to limit the spread of communism in the underdeveloped countries of the world. We were asked by South Vietnam for help and there is no reason I can see why we should withdraw. Many South American governments are susceptible to communism. If we stay in Vietnam and achieve an honorable peace, I think it will check the spread of communism in this hemisphere.

Dean Jones, 23, of Spokane, Wash., a senior at Eastern Washington State College, Cheney, Wash.

I guess you could say I favor the war in Vietnam even though I'm in the National Guard and may be called up. I suppose you could call it an inborn patriotism. I know communism exists and this is one way of stopping it. It's better to do it over there than over here. As for the draft, I think every young man should serve two years after high school. I think people like Cassius Clay and Joe Namath should be drafted. They can do desk jobs.

William Lind, 19, of Cleveland, sophomore at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.

I feel President Johnson's military policy has been very poor in the sense that he has copied subconsciously that used by Madison in the War of 1812. Instead of leaving military decisions to the military he has insisted on making them with civilian personnel who are not trained for the job. It makes no sense whatever to bomb, at the cost of American lives, supplies in North Vietnam when we could bloodlessly stop them from getting them by blockading the port of Haiphong.

Bennett Pudlin, 19, of New Britain, Conn., a sophomore at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.

I feel the greatest problem about the draft concerns students' 2-S deferments which are unfair in that they deprive the poor of the same right. Those with more money, from better homes, could probably avoid the draft forever while those who for whatever reason don't make it to college . . . these people end up dying in wars like Vietnam. I also feel the draft does not make adequate provision for the conscientious objectors. There are many with real objections to this particular war and their conscience will not let them participate in the war. They are serving sentences because there is no real provision under selective service to allow them a deferment.

Jeni Johnson, 17, of Newark, Del., senior at Christiana Senior High School and Miss Delaware in a junior miss pageant.

I think there should be more than one way to get out of the war in Vietnam without losing. I don't care for President Johnson. I think he is too compromising.

Jim Wilson, 19, of Garfield, N.J., sophomore at Temple University, Philadelphia.

I have no qualms about the draft. It's the price asked for keeping our freedom. I think President Johnson is a great politician, the best, but not a very good statesman. He certainly has inherited most of the world problems and handled them fairly well, but I wouldn't vote for him.

Cherbene Williams, 20, of Westminster, Colo., junior at University of Colorado, Denver Center.

The problem right now is that the nations of the world are in a struggle to create a balance of communications in an attempt to reach more understanding, peace. As far as a political system, I'm really a firm believer in a worldwide community but I think it would be a wonder if it ever came about. If it could be accomplished, I have no doubt that the system would work.

Sverre Vedal, 17, Lakewood, Colo., senior at Alameda High School. (His parents are Norwegian.)

Vietnam definitely is a problem now, but a larger problem is cooperation among nations. It's the biggest problem. The UN was a good start in improving the world, but it should become stronger. There's still that force of nationalism, however, and I think complete, worldwide political unity is impossible.

Robert Kufahl, 19, Milwaukee, sophomore at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, and part-time copy boy on the Milwaukee Journal.

I think we should definitely stay in Vietnam and win. I don't go for that business of pulling the troops out. If called up, I will go over there. I'm not going to argue about it and I'm not going to worry about it. Most kids I know feel the same way. I don't hear them complaining or getting ideas about dodging the draft.

Elena Vogelfang, 18, Miami, sophomore taking secretarial course at Miami-Dade Junior College.

The big problem is trying to figure out what the war is all about. How can anybody make plans for the future? Even a girl? How can she figure on getting engaged to a fellow who may be drafted?

Kevin F. Daly, 21, of Cromwell, Conn., senior at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

It's unfortunate that we are so involved in Vietnam, but I think since we are there we should do everything we can to bring it to the conclusion we want—to get rid of the communists. There's no point in backing down. I can't see the sense in the protests, the draft card burning and so forth. But we have to tolerate the demonstrations as a part of free speech. It's unfortunate that the news media have picked up these stories so much.

Phelps (Mike) Riley, 20, of Gladwyne, Pa., a junior at Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

My point on Vietnam is sort of counter to student activist philosophy. I subscribe to our policies in Vietnam. We are committed to the war and it is an obligation to carry out that commitment. As a male citizen I, like any other, am obligated to serve in the armed forces, if drafted. Many have declared that we are in the wrong and should abandon our position but few, if any, have come forward with a meaningful plan of action to effect such a withdrawal. Until such a plan is put forward, I would not change my views. A former member of my class at Yale was killed in Vietnam Feb. 17.

Michael Hullihan, 17, Des Moines, Iowa, senior at Dowling High School.

I think it's too bad we got involved with it in the first place, but whether we should stay there now or not, I don't know. You hear arguments both for and against. One kid I know, he doesn't think he'll make it to college so he plans to head into Canada if the draft comes. It's hard to make up your mind. It would be different if this country was under attack.

Paul Penland, 17, Dallas, senior at W. T. White High School, president of the Young Republican Club at his high school.

I'm all for it. If anything, it should be escalated. Everyone worries about civilians being accidentally killed, but that's the way the cookie crumbles, that's the way war is. I think we should send more men over and we need to send more bombing raids over North Vietnam. Draft card burners and all that Mickey Mouse should be the first to go.

Would You Believe GOD?

"...I want to believe in God. But I've got to be sure I'm not just fooling myself..."

BY LOUIS CASSELS, UPI RELIGION EDITOR, WASHINGTON

MANY OF TODAY'S young people are wistful agnostics.

They would like to believe in God because they sense that religious faith would meet their most deeply felt need—for meaning in their lives. But the hallmark of their generation is ruthless honesty, expressed in an abiding contempt for "phoniness." They are suspicious of their own leanings toward religion because they fear that they may fall into what is—for them—the ultimate sin of self-delusion.

"Yes, I want to believe in God," one of them told me recently. "But I've got to be sure I'm not just fooling myself . . . inventing a faith because it makes me feel better."

Although millions of young people possess a quiet, sure and steadily maturing faith, the wistful agnostics attract the attention of teachers and clergymen. These youths are so obviously searching for the very thing that religion claims to provide: a context for life. They are deeply interested in religious questions, but they are frequently disenchanted with the church or synagogue as an institution.

The Rev. Lawrence E. Nelson, director of youth work for the Lutheran Church in America, says that churches and synagogues have alienated many young people by offering them "activities" designed to keep them busy and off the street instead of engaging their minds in serious pursuit of truth.

"The kinds of youth programs that too often are provided lead a young person to believe that the church is superficial and unrelated to life as it is really lived," says Dr. Nelson.

If a congregation wishes to conduct a meaningful ministry to youth, he says, it must begin by finding "sensitive, thoughtful adults who are willing to listen to their young people, to be honest and to walk with them down this road of struggle toward genuineness and meaning in life."

Young people cannot stand being talked down to. They bristle at any attempt to spoon-feed them with safe, predigested orthodoxies. That is why they provide an avid audience for "death-of-God" theologians and churchmen, such as Bishop James A. Pike, who openly attack long-accepted teaching.

But although they listen to theological radicals, they are seldom greatly impressed by what they hear. Today's youth are looking for something in which they CAN believe.

In the realm of morality, many youths are strongly attracted to the idea that the rightness or wrongness of an action depends on the circumstances of the situation rather than on absolute, inflexible rules.

This idea leads some of them to the conclusion that sex relations outside of marriage are okay provided the couple is "really in love." Such a belief sometimes has tragic results in the form of "have-to" marriages that turn out disastrously.

But this much-publicized fact is by no means the whole story of sexual morality among today's teen-agers. The other side of the story is that there is greater condemnation of casual sex and promiscuity among today's youth than ever prevailed in the generation that has now advanced to uneasy parenthood.

Probably the strongest moral drive of today's youth is a dedication to personal service. They are ready to give vast amounts of their time and labor to recreational projects for slum children. They will go anywhere—from the inner city to a distant country—to work with their hands and minds for the benefit of the poor. Unlike their older brothers and sisters of the years immediately following World War II, they are not afraid of getting "involved." On the contrary, they are determined to get into the thick of the struggle against war and poverty and racial discrimination.

Many centuries ago, an ancient Hebrew prophet told his own highly "religious" generation: "Thus says the Lord . . . These people honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me."

Of today's generation, the prophet might fairly say: "Thus says the Lord . . . These youths do NOT honor me with their lips, but their hearts are CLOSE to me."

Revved-up religious services in some churches and synagogues attract those teen-agers who have little interest in traditional pomp and circumstance. At this "Contemporary Service" in Boston's staid Old South Church, kids freely frugged in the aisles to rock 'n' roll religious music. Services were conducted in modern English, with much audience participation.

The OUT and the IN

The Twist? Are You Kidding, Man?
Camp? Boy You're Lame!
W. C. Fields? Pretty Cool.
Voh-doh-de-oh? Now You're Boss!

BY H. D. QUIGG, UPI NEW YORK

IF YOU HAVEN'T got wheels, man, you're nowhere. You're not fit. To be fit is to be ready to roll. You roll with a car—it's gear and ravey. When you're behind the wheel. you're king. Without wheels, you're hung up—like a neighborhood with no guitar.

If the old man hasn't got the bread for wheels, there's one-eyed wheels. One-eyes are cool and boss. The one eye is the big eye right under the handlebar. One-eyes turn you on—like sugar or pot. Especially if you've got a fox with you.

If you don't know that a fox is a beautiful girl, you're a teen-age octagon. An octagon is a super square. A regular square is now a "rub."

continued

The OUT and The IN

CONTINUED

Slang and wheels and clothing and music are the big fads of the day. So big that some experts in youthiana consider them realities, or lifestyles, rather than fads. Right now all are undergoing change.

Take slang. Just a few years ago, if you liked something, you called it "hot." Later, "hot" gave way to "cool" and then "boss" became the big "in" word. Most recently, old slang terms have been picked up from old movies run on television.

Old slang? That's not all that's old. Many of today's fads are simple regressions to pre-World War II modes. Spearheaded by the New Vaudeville Band, for example, some of the ricky-tick and voh-doh-de-oh of the Rudy Vallee days of 1920 popular music is creeping in.

The George Raft gangster look, pinstripe double-breasted suits and fat ties, is coming back. So are bell-bottom trousers, white detachable shirt collars—even rectangular shaped specs. The mini is merely an extension (in shrinkage) of the knee-show flapper look of the 1920s.

And—right back to great-great-grandma—pierced ears probably have been the biggest girl fad for the past 18 months. Girls are wearing enormous earrings, and now some are making their own. Last winter, they began making them out of soda can pop-tops which they painted for pierced ears.

Today's youth has its heroes like Bob Dylan, the folk poet ("he sings boss") and various singing groups; Nancy Sinatra is very in, and British actress Lynn Redgrave and actor David Hemmings seem to be coming on strong. On late TV movies Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, and Humphrey Bogart have been re-discovered. The fad of having pop-poster blowups of these heroes has been on for some time, and the latest startling word from dealers is that the younger set has begun to switch to the great man—W. C. Fields.

One phase of the regression trend in youth fads is the buying and wearing of old clothing: old bush jackets, air force jackets, and the so-called pinstripe gangster look. The publisher of "Hullabaloo," a magazine aimed at the teen market, is proud of having recently bought a Warner Brothers insignia usher's jacket, dark blue with a high round collar and silver buttons, from the 1930s.

A shop named Limbo in New York, catering to this fad, reports orders from as far away as Australia. In the last two years, the shop has sold old bobby capes from England, authentic navy peacoats from World War I, woolen 13-button sailor pants, old-time sunglasses, old bell-bottom trousers, knickerbocker suits, and old stage costumes. Patrons are mostly in their

continued

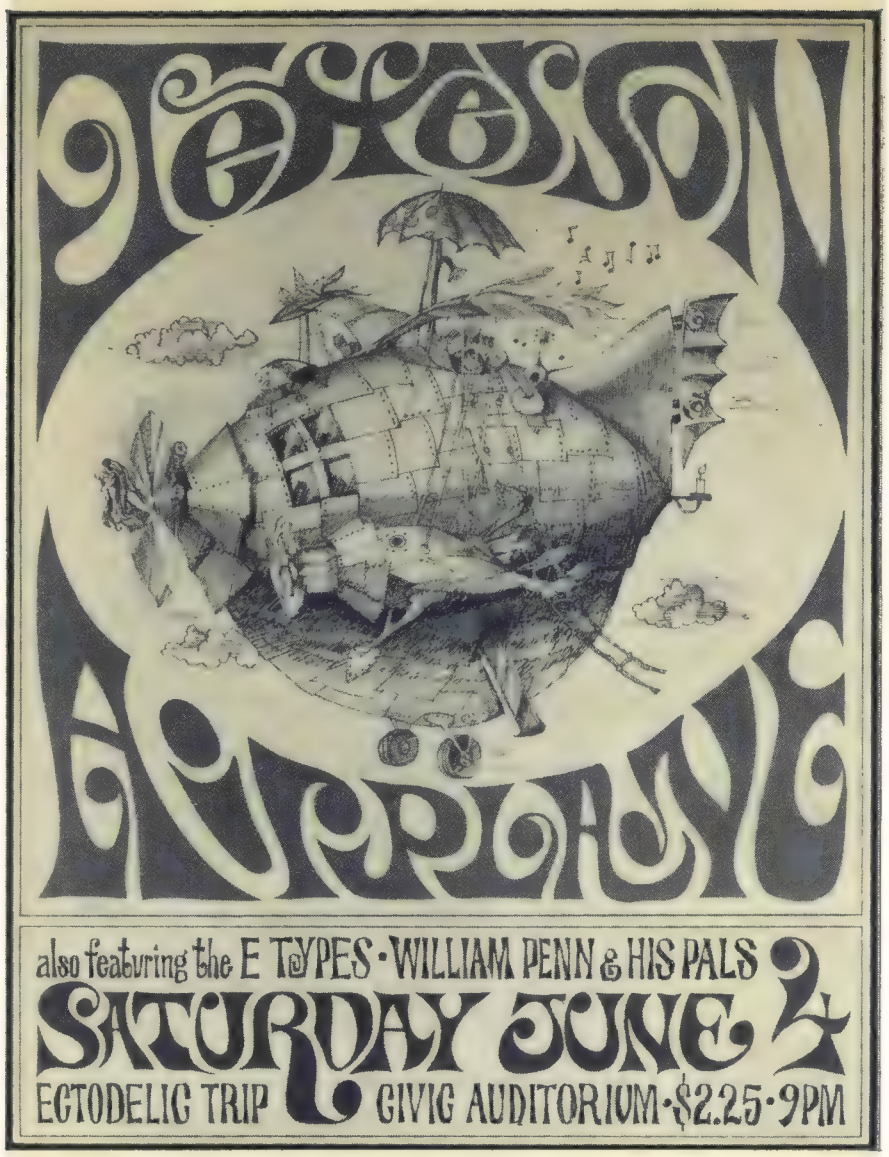
Paul Fusco, Look

Douglas Gilbert, Look

Speed is IN....
...Cycling
...Sky Diving
...Surfing

Old movie stars are IN and OUT—as fast as the flip of a TV dial.

The OUT and The IN



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Posters are IN—
the more far out, the more IN.

The Beatle cut is OUT...but long, long hair is IN.

"Wrong address. The barbershop is four blocks down the street."

Skiing is IN and bikinis are IN, so skiing in bikinis is DOUBLE IN.

Fort Lauderdale is IN—where-the-boys-are year after year after year.

The twist is OUT, the boogaloo is IN.

(If you don't know which is which, you're OUT.)

The OUT and The IN

Phone-booth packing is OUT, along with other old fashioned fads such as goldfish swallowing, bed rolling, skateboarding, and panty raids.

Granny dresses are OUT, mini-skirts are IN.

late teens and early 20's.

Not all fads are fleeting. In grandpa's time, World War I brought on the cigaret in a big way and popularized the wristwatch. But most fads do fade quickly. The roaring '20s saw the rage for raccoon coats and open-top galoshes. In the 1920s, kids also wore yellow slickers emblazoned with phrases like "Cat's Pajamas" and a teen-ager broke all records by tossing a Yo-Yo 121,000 consecutive times.

In the 1930s goldfish-swallowing erupted —one kid downed 67 for a world's record. In the early '40s, sharpies wore suits with ankle-length key chains, and in the mid-'50s phone-booth packing was big. Later it gave way to hula-hooping, rolling hospital beds, and stuffing cars.

And the cycle never ends: Contests of egg-gulping, maintaining a continuous light with a cigaret lighter, and spinning in a clothes dryer are just a few recent fads. A 21-year-old boy and his girl partner, 20, put away 302 pancakes in 30 minutes to win a nationwide pancake-eating contest.

Guitars and harmonicas have been big hobbies for two years. Everybody wants to form his own neighborhood group. Iron crosses are seen in the motorcycle and surfing crowds. Button slogans are big. Manny Ress, a button maker, calls his products "miniature picket signs." One of his most famous ones says only: "I protest."

Then, of course, there's the transistor set, the "teeny-boppers" of whom one writer said: "They just can't get close enough to the frenzied, frenetic, ear-splitting, psyche-searing sound." They have Japan's gift to the restless at their ear as they move on. The only persons who communicate with them are the deejays.

Other fads range from raga-rock (Hindu or Eastern based rock music) to Hobbitry. That last is collegiate immersion in the works of British Professor J. R. R. Tolkien, whose adult fairy tales are about an ancient furry-footed people called Hobbits who inhabit a special world called Middle-Earth. One student's mother has been quoted: "To go to college without Tolkien is like going without sneakers." The Tolkien Society of America (about 1,000 members now) speaks the special Elvish language of the Hobbits and talks about characters like Gandalf the Wizard (hence the button, "Go, Go, Gandalf").

Like all fads, youth talk and slang can vary from school to school and coterie to club. Mostly, however, explains expert Elliot Horne who wrote *The Hiptionary*, a slang compendium, teen-agers are sticking to general words. Cool is still one of them—"it's used for everything, good and bad"—and bread—"money is also called 'green' and 'withal.'" And he reports, "Hang-up is a big word; if you get angry at them, they'll shout: 'If you don't like me, that's your hang-up.'"

UP FROM UNDER

Underground movie-makers turn away from social protest to emphasize that happiness is hip.

BY LYNN LANGWAY, UPI NEW YORK

"YOU'RE MAKING one of those dirty beatnik movies," the policeman shouts as he scatters a cameraman, crew, and crowd from the steps of the New York Public Library. "I don't like it. You make it look like too much fun, and you're gathering crowds."

Unwittingly, the policeman supplies the "underground flavor" to the film. Bare-chinned young ad man Abbe Borov who had been making the movie is not the popular image of a beat underground film-maker. Neither is a pudgy, bubblegum-blowing 12-year-old; nor a 17-year-old who wants to "go to the forest and live healthy." But all are seasoned underground movie-makers, typical of those shooting films on New York City's 42nd Street, on town squares in the Midwest, or wherever young imagination takes them.

The underground movie has surfaced far from its birthplace in the 1920s in lofts of Manhattan's lower east side. Technical improve-

ments in movie-making equipment now allow a film-maker to produce an experimental 8-mm film for as little as $25.

Youth has grasped these films as a creative outlet, says 17-year-old movie-maker David Klein, because "they're so free; so immediate."

"Everywhere I go," Klein says, "I see people my age picking up cameras and moving with them, getting down feelings they can show to other people."

The new underground films are personalized and increasingly joyful, like the happy happenings, love-ins, and be-ins innovated by youth, and like the sports they favor, skiing, skydiving, and surfing.

"This generation is more than post-beat, it is up-beat," says Jonas Mekas, founder of the Film-makers' Cooperative, a fraternity of underground movie producers that has swelled from 20 to 200 members in five years. "Where older artists rejected, the young are creating; their films are more light-hearted than belligerent, and they do wonderful things with colors, shapes, and cartoons."

Today's underground films, like those made earlier by Pop popularizer Andy Warhol and others, are more picture than plot. They have little sound-track and less story line. The new approach has brought the films down from the lofts and up from the basements into 150 commercial movie theaters associated with the Co-op's national commercial distribution center.

Young movie-maker David Klein says, "I don't want to make protest films about police and sterile society—that's all been said, with a capital S. I don't want to put down; I want to celebrate and spread sensations."

Weirdo movie-makers are out, agrees 12-year-old David Wise, who has been called "the Mozart of underground cinema" by New York critics, and has copped a Czechoslovakian film award and $301 in profits from showing the four animated films he has made in the past five years. "I have a lot of fun stringing images together," he says, "and that's what I want people to see—I wish people wouldn't always interpret my films as 'comments on the futility of existence,' or something."

As for the older generation of underground movie-makers who depend on drugs to make their scenes, Wise says succinctly, "They're immature." Klein adds, "I don't think you can make good films on LSD, because you lose control—you can't even concentrate on holding your camera steady."

The young undergrounders hope to create an "enjoy, enjoy" environment that neither protests nor prettifies the world. Klein insists, "We may not be topical in what we write and film and do, but we haven't dropped out of concern. We're worried about being a man, a person, a happy soul—and that's pretty eternal politics."

LITERARY SCENE

On the literary scene, Hesse and Tolkien are in, while Wolfe and Hemingway are out, but J. D. Salinger still hangs in there.

YOUTH HAS ITS own best-selling books and authors along with its own mod, music, and mores.

Swiss author Hermann Hesse is currently one of the best-selling authors with the young set, according to a UPI poll of teen-agers. The poll is confirmed by librarians and Bantam Books, which publishes English translations of Hesse in paperback.

The most popular of the Hesse books may explain why: *Siddhartha* is the tale of a young boy in India who rebels against his Buddhist parents and leaves home in search of truth and himself. To youth, the rebellion theme appeals.

"And so does anything that deals with Buddhism or Zen, because of the psychedelic movement," adds Lillian Morrison of the Young Adult Services of the New York Public Library.

J. R. R. Tolkien books about the "Hobbit" race also are a mania among the college crowd.

Generally, the youth of 1967 appears to be reading different books than the last generation of teen-agers. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Charles Dickens, Jack London, Stephen Leacock, and Rudyard Kipling apparently are out. Surprisingly, even Thomas Wolfe's novels of lost, tormented young people hold little appeal today. But J. D. Salinger and his *Catcher in the Rye* still rank high on the popularity list.

Except for *Catch-22* by Joseph Heller, stories about World War II do not seem to interest those under 21. And Ernest Hemingway appears to be less of a craze with teen-agers today than in past years, possibly because few of his books are available in paperback editions.

Students read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, Shakespeare and Balzac as part of their school work. Whether they would read them without school requirement is difficult to determine.

But they do spend their own money on books about civil rights and social problems. The Negro author James Baldwin enjoyed a flurry of interest about two years ago. Currently the teens like William Stringfellow's *Dissenter in a Great Society* and *My People is the Enemy*. Other big sellers in school bookstores are books by hip minister Malcolm Boyd and Negro entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

Television may keep some young people from reading, but it stimulates others to read. One school bookstore supplier reports the biggest sellers include semi-science fiction stories by Rod Serling and mystery tales by Alfred Hitchcock, both TV fare.

Cartoon books are popular, reports the New York library. Publisher Holt, Rinehart and Winston points to the *Peanuts* cartoon books as big sellers, particularly in school bookstores.

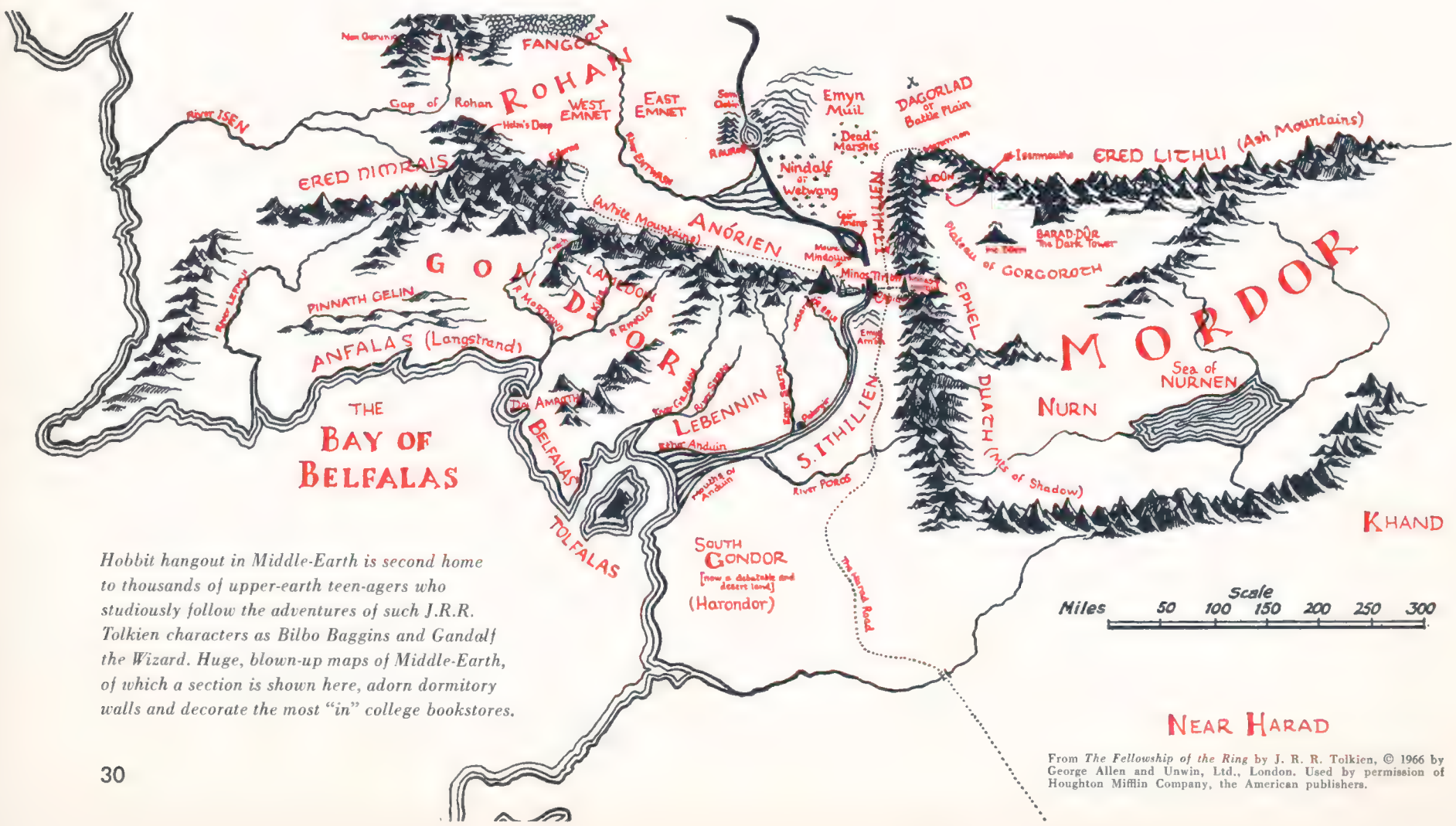
In the UPI survey, the teen-agers mentioned *Huckleberry Finn* as a favorite and some had read *Moby Dick*. But more liked contemporary adult books such as George Orwell's political satire, *Animal Farm* and the controversial books of Marshall McLuhan.

Girls have their own favorites: *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the classics *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre* and romantic stories about young girls by Mary Stolz.

Many teen-agers have become poetry addicts. More sophisticated readers seek out Dylan Thomas, William Blake, and John Donne; others like Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, and e. e. cummings. One youth mentioned he read Shakespeare's sonnets when he felt "blue."

The French existentialist writers Albert Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre also are enjoying a vogue among students. Books on science, mathematics, and technology are popular, particularly *The Thinking Machines* and other books about computers, and *The Rebuilt Man* about how human bodies can be turned almost into machines.

Science fiction is popular. So are spy stories. But the survey noted that it is the subteens, who are devouring James Bond thrillers, while the older teens are reading *The Spy who Came in From the Cold*. Author Agatha Christie is popular among girls, but Raymond Chandler, Erle Stanley Gardner, and Mary Roberts Rinehart belong to a past generation. And some teen-agers, the survey showed, read only books on motorcycles, hot rod cars, sports, and sex.



Hobbit hangout in Middle-Earth is second home to thousands of upper-earth teen-agers who studiously follow the adventures of such J.R.R. Tolkien characters as Bilbo Baggins and Gandalf the Wizard. Huge, blown-up maps of Middle-Earth, of which a section is shown here, adorn dormitory walls and decorate the most "in" college bookstores.

From *The Fellowship of the Ring* by J. R. R. Tolkien, © 1966 by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, the American publishers.

Once Upon A Time...

Once frantic fans climbed fences, screamed, and cried for their heroes. Now Beatlemania has ended and the Beatles rarely tour together. But they're not dead yet. They still make hit records and each is discovering new talents within himself.

Bored with being "those four jolly lads," the Beatles make new plans for living happily ever after because even being a Beatle isn't the living end.

By JOAN DEPPA, UPI LONDON

ONCE UPON A TIME there were four lads from Liverpool who made music with such a joyous beat that all the kingdom rejoiced at the sound and they became marvelously rich.

And then one day they became bored.

"The days when three guitarists and a drummer can stand up and sing and do nothing else on stage must be over," said Paul McCartney, sometimes known as the cute one.

Ringo Starr twisted those rings on his fingers that some of his followers believed had a sort of mystic quality, just the way his big nose and long hair did.

"We can't do the same act, with a couple of numbers and a couple of jokes," he said, "we'd have to rehearse something new."

So with the wise one, John Lennon, and the quiet one, George Harrison, the Beatles quietly retired to ponder their future.

"We can't go on holding hands forever," said John Lennon. "We have been the Beatles as best we ever will be—those four jolly lads. But we're not those people anymore. We're old men."

All at once the people missed them and a hue and cry was heard up and down the land.

Some said they had fallen from favor after being booed out of the Philippines for having missed a party given by the president. Some, who had misinterpreted the wise one's remarks about religion, blamed their disappearance on blasphemy.

Others, who were envious, called them lazy, and a few even said good riddance.

But the Beatles, with wisdom gained from their many strange experiences, realized that if they were bored then the people would soon become bored with them too.

So they set off separately in search of new adventures.

But those who predicted their music never would be heard again in the land were wrong, because the four had many wondrous plans and were truly talented, unlike many of their imitators.

They quietly admitted they had no magic formula for success, but found great pleasure in inventing new sounds in a secluded recording studio.

"Now we take time because we haven't any pressing engagements like tours to limit us," said Paul. "All we want is to make one track better than the last. We just make our tracks, then listen to them and decide from what we have what will be a single, what will go on an LP."

To those privileged to speak with them, they said, "Our whole outlook on life is changing because our circumstances have changed our surroundings."

They spoke truly, for they lived in great houses and drove about in shining black limousines so that sometimes they were mistaken for royalty.

But in many ways they were still the irreverent, exuberant lads from Liverpool, who would tell an interviewer, as George Harrison did, "If we slip, so what? Who cares? We'll be just where we were, only richer. Being a Beatle isn't the living end."

Mod girls and Englishmen go out in the midday sun—picking their way through London's boutiques and antique stalls for such treasures as ratty furs, sparkling hussar uniforms and assorted Edwardian finery.

MAD, MAD MOD

BY ROBERT MUSEL, UPI LONDON

THE LATEST on London's Carnaby Street is the micro-skirt—even shorter than the mini-skirt—and the sight of a girl trying to sit down in lady-like fashion on a bus or subway is one to be filed fragrantly away in tourist memories along with the crown jewels and Big Ben.

Natives are not really surprised by the new fashions, the mod-clad girls and the boys with long hair in rainbow silk with lace jabots tickling their chins. What has surprised Londoners is that the fashions should have been born in such an unlikely place as Carnaby Street.

Something historic has happened to dignify nearly all of London's streets. But this short and seedy thoroughfare on the shabby fringe of the Soho jazz club and coffee bar district is an exception. It was quietly decaying until, some 10 years ago, fire destroyed the workshop of a far-out, 20-year-old clothier, John Stephens, in nearby Beak Street.

Stephens' landlord offered him new premises in Carnaby Street. The change of scene changed his luck. His designs—even he admits they were "unusual"—caught on and today, drawn by his success, there are numerous shops packed into a hundred yards or so, six of them owned by the now wealthy Stephens himself.

Working-class boys and girls were the first customers,

Max Maxwell

As the twig is bent etc. . . . Model Twiggy of the skinny legs, boyish body and cockney accent is heroine to thousands of British "birds." Their boy friends have mod modes all their own. Along Carnaby Street and Portobello Road favorite hunting grounds for way-out clothes include such shops as "Lord John," "Hung On You" and "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet."

jamming the narrow sidewalks, elbowing each other into the gutter in their anxiety to see everything in the windows of stores bearing such names as "Lord John of Carnaby Street," "Gear," "Tre Camp" and "Domino Male."

Then the rich and noble also came to look, and sometimes to buy, and after them the tourists drawn by the swift-spreading magic of the name. They found much that was good, much that was gaudy, clothes that were sharp, workmanship that was sometimes shoddy.

The buyers are more discerning now and Carnaby Street faces stiff competition not only from boutiques elsewhere in town such as "Hung On You" and "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet" but from designers all over the world. Carnaby Street has become not so much a place as a symbol of the revolution in teen-age fashion, but whatever happens to it, it has influenced the clothing of our time as Savile Row did for an older generation.

Stephens originally dedicated his fashion styles to young men. The fashion liberation of young girls came only two years ago when France's Courreges whipped hemlines above the knees—a style that British teen-agers instantly recognized as putting them back in the race for public attention.

Since then, skirts have continued to creep up—four, five, six inches above the knee. So many are so high that it takes the micro-skirts (seven inches or more above the knee) to make any impact these blasé days.

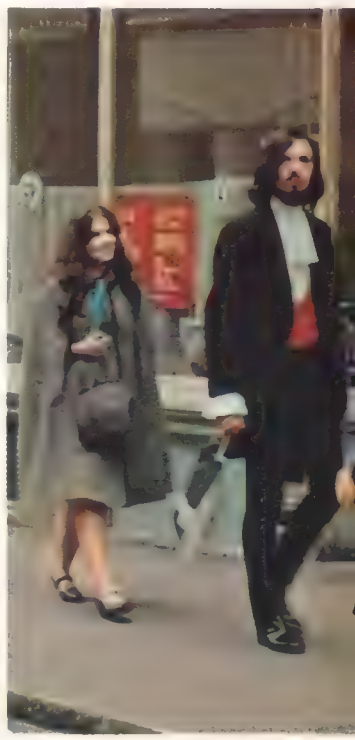
Today's generation considers fashion as much fun as anything else and everybody can't be perfect anyway. Twiggy, the model who popularized the skinny look, wears them. She has an undernourished figure and legs to match but the camera has a love affair with her face.

Actually her manager, a handsome cockney who grandly renamed himself Justin de Villeneuve, cuts a more eye-catching figure in his Carnaby Street gear.

All sorts of short-lived crazes have flashed off Carnaby Street. It introduced a military style jacket. Immediately, the antique shops and pushcarts of the Portobello Road street market offered to fit young men out like hussars or admirals ablaze with gold braid.

The old uniforms worn on the far frontiers of empire brightened the gray streets for a few weeks but now the boys are tired of looking like dragoons and beardless veterans of the Indian campaigns.

The latest spinoff is to policemen's capes—the Carnaby Street idea for smashing gear for discotheques.



YOUTHOMANIA

BY GAY PAULEY,
UPI NEW YORK

TEEN-AGE girls have virtually taken over the female fashion world—lock, stocking and mini-skirt.

Who cares much in the clothing business what old ladies past 21 wear?

Look at the frenetic ads, the stores, the fashion magazines. The 1967 look is a mini-skirt, hip-hugging belt, wild stockings, long bobbing earrings, jagged boy's haircut or flung-back locks, baby doll shoes, busy false eyelashes and pale, pouty mouth.

It's switched on, mad and mod. You see the tense 60s in the style ads of girls leaping, twirling, nostrils flaring, everything all sharp angles with a skimpy, hard look.

You never catch the Duchess of Windsor, Jacqueline Kennedy or any of the other grand ladies of high fashion in that "in" look, except

For the first time in history, teen-agers dominate the fashion market, serve as taste-setters for women of all ages. Teen "fun" clothes—mini-skirts, capes, knee socks, oversized earrings, floppy hats—are serious business for manufacturers who have jumped on the youthwagon, turned young whims into multi-million dollar profits, and left the not-so-young to fend for themselves.

Youthomania reigns supreme with teen-age girls planning a $1.8 billion buying spree this summer, while "older women" over 19 look on in envy.

that they have shortened their hemlines. It's the kids who wear the look.

Never before has the teen-age girl virtually ruled the Paris haute couture.

Never before has the teen-age market exploded into such a big business with stores stuffed with so many clothes, gadgets and accessories aimed squarely at the under 20 group.

"If you're over 19, you've had it," is the doom for oldsters briskly announced by one writer at *Women's Wear Daily*, the trade newspaper for the U.S. garment industry.

Observers of costumes in the mid-20th century think it all started with music. The twanging guitars, hip wigglings, shoulder convulsions—the entire new sound needed a new look to match. The mini-clothes fit the sounds, the Space Age, the new attitude toward sex.

The mini-styles spread to the masses when manufacturers discovered that:

—Teen-agers work these days or come from more prosperous homes and they have a great deal more money to spend than a generation ago.

—There are an awful lot of teen-agers.

Quicker than you can say Seventh Avenue, manufacturers shifted a large share of production to the fun look. Jewelry, handbags, shoemakers all got in on the swinging act. Reporters who first saw the experimental far-out designs of those silver stockings, mini-skirts and plastic dresses in Paris could not imagine their being manufactured for the millions. But they are.

In mother's day, there weren't really eye-catching outfits for young girls to buy. They wore skirts, sweaters or blouses and saddleshoes with demure wool or crepes for dates.

Today the once quietly elegant Fifth Avenue Stores in New York are on their knees to get in those 16-to-19-year-olds. The market is where the action is. Starting in August, estimates *Seventeen Magazine*, 6,620,000 teen-age girls begin a 60-day back-to-school clothes buying spree during which they will spend an estimated $1.8 billion.

Gimbel's store in New York is the latest to open a huge mod shop called "The Place On 3" (shops and restaurants these days have to be in pop language). Gimbel's ads shout: "Gimbel's zizzy new happening . . . our dazzling new shop popping with larky junior-sized fashions, mad, mad accessories. Whiz in for new kicks in fun stuff at Gimbel's, all setting a sizzling pace . . . your kind of wow . . . ropes of beads, knock-out-drop earrings, little touches with lots of POW . . . at Gimbel's where it's all happening."

"Where can I buy clothes?" one middle-aged woman cried indignantly in a Detroit store recently. "Everything is styled for mini-girls."

END

So what's a woman to do? Mini-skirts may have been designed for mini-aged girls like the one above, but what is there for anyone else to wear? Solution: If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. Woman at right goes all out with baby-doll dress, flat-heeled shoes, and bouncy hair bow.

Where It's

Happening

From Sunset Strip to Washington Square and everyplace in between, the happening has hit. What's a happening? It's a gathering of Golden Gate hippies, intent on "taking it slow." It's a Greenwich Village dance floor jam packed with bodies in perpetual motion. It's aimless wandering around Sunset Strip on a Friday night and purposeful driving on Sixth Street in Osawatomie, Kansas, where the young go to meet one another. Mostly a happening is just being—alive and young and "with it."

SUNSET STRIP

By VERNON SCOTT, UPI LOS ANGELES

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY nights is where it's happening on Hollywood's Sunset Strip—where it's at.

Teen-agers, youths in their 20's, and teeny-boppers (13-15 years old) gather in clumps around the Sea Witch, the Galaxy, the Strip Comber, Whisky A-Go-Go, and The Gallery.

Togged in outrageous costumes, they swarm the sidewalks, smoking, talking, giggling. Mini mini-skirts, tight pants, patterned stockings and long hair—for both sexes—are the style.

Sunset Boulevard itself is glutted with bumper-to-bumper traffic, the automobiles, many of them convertibles, jammed with kids.

Their world is divided into long-hairs and short-hairs. The long-hairs are kids in their 20's or high school dropouts in their teens. They dig the action and chicks on the Strip. Many smoke pot, more than a few are acid heads, and all have cliches at hand.

An 18-year-old girl says: "I left home and school a year ago. My parents don't communicate. You know? They just aren't hip."

A pale blonde of 13: "My parents are divorced so this is where I come for action. Mother's got her own bag, her own dates."

One youth carries a placard reading "Love, Not War."

"Baby I'd rather carry a placard than a gun," he says. "Right?"

"Man, we love everybody, even the short hairs. We don't want any trouble in this free society. We just want to live our lives and be left alone."

The kids generally are well-mannered and soft-spoken. A doorman at one of the bars, checking age identification cards, confides: "This is where the kids come to hear music and to pick up a roommate for the night. Some of them sleep 15 or more to a room, boys and girls together."

The world of Sunset Strip is divided into long-hairs and short-hairs, but both seek freedom, LOVE, and a chance to be where it's at.

Another group along the Strip are the motorcycle gangs, tame compared to the Hell's Angels who are more or less barred from Los Angeles. They park their "scooters" at outdoor restaurants, munching hamburgers, watching the action.

They are older, dirtier, and less communicative than the long-hairs. They snarl at anyone asking questions. Their girls, dressed in leather outfits, are surly.

"They're the ones who cause the real trouble," says a 16-year-old girl, drawing nods of agreement from half a dozen others. "I mean, if there are crimes committed here on the Strip, they're the ones who do it."

To some adults, Sunset Strip youngsters are not attractive physically. The boys lack virilty, the girls lack femininity. There is a sameness to their attitude, best summed up in a shoulder shrug. Many are pale, their hair stringy and unkept.

Unlike the rebels at Berkeley or the protest marchers for civil rights, they make no intellectual pretensions. Indeed, they seem to be characterless.

A generation or two ago they might have been called bums. Hedonism is their goal, but in reality they are flotsam banded together out of loneliness and frustration—a new kind of lost generation.

One 20-year-old youth with long, bleached hair sums up: "Like we don't dig that middle class morality, man. I mean, who needs it? We work when we have to for a little bread and acid and to keep our chicks happy."

Hordes of teen-agers now roam Sunset Strip, where movie stars once enjoyed glittering night life. When police tried to clear the area for traffic last November, youths rioted, brandishing placards with angry slogans such as "Stamp Out L.A.P.D." (Los Angeles Police Department). The riots have stopped, but the placards go on.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

For sheer size, population, and way-out-ness, Greenwich Village, USA, still makes the Left Bank of Paris look like a Sunday school.

by Aline Mosby, UPI New York

Teeny-boppers, the youngest members of the "switched-on" set, wander restlessly through New York's East Village (right). Their garb is standard: dungarees, pea jackets, and long, straight, flowing hair.

Village night clubs cater to the young, specialize in soft drinks, folk-rock music and soulful atmosphere conducive to deep discussion or quiet meditation.

THE 100 PERCENT nude male dancer plopped himself into buckets of paint and then slammed into a plastic wall, bouncing back on his derriere.

Outside the little theater, natives in shoulder-length hair, possibly female, jammed the colorful marketplace, consuming such local foods as pizza and 10-cent wine. They congregated outside shops of the bazaar labeled "Antiques" or "Sandals and Shifts" or "African Trader Craft."

This is Greenwich Village in New York—the most swinging Bohemian quarter any place in the world.

It is true that Greenwich Village is not the same mecca of radicals, writers, and painters that it was 30 years ago. It has been decried as a middle-class tourist trap, commercialized by self-conscious artsy-craftsy shops, bars, and ersatz beatniks. It is true that each weekend the area is almost drowned in waves of teen-agers from the Bronx and New Jersey.

But the real bohemians and their beatnik imitators still are here. The Village has expanded its frontiers to accommodate the eccentrics explosion. For sheer size, population and way-out-ness, Greenwich Village, USA, still makes the Left Bank of Paris look like a Sunday school.

continued

The best way to investigate the area is in native garb. Women wear sacky shifts, sandals, leather pouch bags, and angular, silver "modern jewelry." Men wear long hair, tight jeans or duck trousers, and a variety of shirts.

The people are of all colors and sizes. A white boy with a beard huddles at the bar with an Oriental beauty in colorful shift.

For entertainment, you can choose from among a discussion meeting of young people relating their sexual experiences in detail, a poetry reading at the folklore center, or "Viet Rock" music at the Cafe La Mama.

You wander to Washington Square, around which tenants of high-rent apartments are trying to live in peace. But the street din drowns out their TV and you can hardly cross the avenues for the packs of automobiles and the crowds of milling youth.

The weekend revelers are not Village residents. Some boys wear sweaters labeled "Antioch College" and buttons with hip messages. The girls swivel by in mini-skirts and pierced-ear earrings. In the middle of a dry fountain, four couples sit cross-legged playing a clapping hands game.

You push through the crowds past art galleries, belly dancing schools, pizza parlors, Spanish restaurants, a Japanese goods shop, a Polish bakery, a place selling men's ties in bright floral prints. Six cops patrol every block and several patrol on horseback.

Outside the Cafe Au Go Go, a fellow in a red shirt and pirate's hat cries, "Those teen-agers have spoiled everything. City Hall sent cops from the riot squad down here. They have sub-machine guns in their trunks. Police! Aaagh!"

Near the Figaro cafe, girls in fashionable printed cotton suits lounge against a lamppost, talking to Negro and white boys. One of them lisps, "Oh, we're from the Bronx. Everybody comes to the Village now."

The church at St. Mark's Place features jazz. Antique shops, off-off Broadway little theaters, a Polish neighborhood clubhouse, underground film theaters showing "The Kansas City Gork"—all are in the East Village.

The Village has three newspapers. "The East Village Other" is the farthest out with want ads such as: "Nice guy with neat nook seeks soft chick to share pad," or "Wanted: male or female to share 8-room apartment."

On a bulletin board in a bookshop is a card which reads:

"If anybody is driving to Columbus, Ohio, please call Jeannie. I have to make that ridiculous trip immediately."

While the rest of the city sleeps, Village life goes on. Beats, hippies, and just plain kids from Brooklyn or the Bronx gather to talk, read poetry and, mostly, meet one another. When action gives out at one place, youths move on, anxious to make the scene somewhere else.

GOLDEN GATE

The "beautiful" new world of Haight-Ashbury where a hippie can find "all the things I've secretly wished for."

BY ROBERT STRAND, UPI SAN FRANCISCO

A HAPPENING called the Human Be-In, a gathering of the tribes, pulled 15,000 to the polo field of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park on Jan. 14, 1967. Incense rose in clouds. Speeches praised LSD. The Grateful Dead rock band had everybody dancing. Buddhist prayers were chanted. Girls gave single flowers to policemen. When it was over, the audience picked the ground clean of debris.

The size of the crowd blew the hippies out of their minds. They went home to the Haight-Ashbury district, a low-rent area of Victorian flats bordering the park, confident San Francisco had become the national capital of the psychedelic movement and U.S. headquarters of a world youth revolution. The hippies are high on the expectation that 50,000 youths will swarm to join them this summer, even if perhaps most would be penniless.

continued

Anything goes, when Haight-Ashbury hippies happen together. Like, if you didn't know that only middle-class squares compete, man, you might think this couple was dressed for a masquerade contest. Actually, they're sporting their kookiest finery for a big "Be In" in Golden Gate Park.

KEY
UNCLAIMED

For some, absurd clothing comments that the modern world is absurd...

Weekend sightseers jam Haight St.—a region colored with young men in necklaces and long hair (rejection of the straight world), barefoot girls with dangling earrings and long skirts, youths in 19th century military tunics (why not be somebody else for the day?), people seated clumped in doorways to hear guitars, and laughing groups blowing bubbles.

The costume proclaims many attitudes. For some, absurd clothing comments that the modern world is absurd. Shoulder-length hair on males is "beautiful," the hippies' favorite word, because each person's hair is unique in a society of uniformity. For others, the costume expresses interest in the tribal life of the American Indian.

On the sidewalks are people like "Sam," 23, blonde, exquisitely featured, the daughter of a Louisiana physician. She "couldn't believe what people said," back home. Now she has found "all the things I've secretly wished for," including "smiling at people on the street and having them smile back." And there is Joan A., 18, a dropout because, she says, college teaches useless facts and skills—"not what we want—which is wisdom, to learn to live with ourselves and others." At the moment, the hippie creed tells Joan that love is the supreme value, freedom its necessary condition, helping others its expression, and mind-expanding experiences its inspiration.

The main kind of inspiration has been LSD, although not all hippies use it. Most smoke marijuana, and a number of legal psychedelic materials, such as sunflower seeds, mushrooms and dried banana peel skins are coming into vogue. But almost no hippies use heroin.

Within two years, narcotics arrests jumped in Haight-Ashbury from a negligible number to 50 a month. But the fact is that for tens of thousands the marijuana joint is as much a part of daily life as their father's whiskey and water. Police appear powerless to stop the practice. Police Lt. John Curran says LSD arrests most often are obtained on the user's own statement of use—"the peculiar thing about it is that users are very truthful."

San Francisco emergency hospitals now get three or four youths daily in panic from an LSD "bad trip." Most get tranquilizers and are let out in a few hours. An occasional one is institutionalized.

"Whitey," a reformed robber and dope addict, says, "The first thing that hits people when they come here is an atmosphere of peace—it blows their minds." He is active in the Diggers, a group that serves free food daily in the park—it panhandles surplus food from merchants or begs for money on the streets—and has acquired an 80-acre farm and some flats to shelter anybody who wants to sleep on the floor.

The hippies have an employment agency, an Artists' Liberation Front that stages free entertainment, and they are talking of setting up a shelter for runaway teeny-boppers. These activities lead Leonard Wolf, a state college English professor, to exult, "While I do not buy their world view, I desperately cherish every last one of them." He is among a number of professors organizing a "Happening House" where "information owners" may hold talks with hippies, who generally are anti-intellectual.

Most San Franciscans are not so friendly. The Haight St. merchants association has refused membership to some 25 hippie store operators. "Would you want them next to you?" The police are sickened by the number of young girls from good homes going the hippie route. Lt. Dolan says: "The hippies have pushed out the colored people, who have no hostility—they figure the hippies are trash."

To have a hippie flat next door is usually to have a communal household crammed with an uneven number of boys and girls sharing food gathering and preparation. Wildly colored designs fill windows. Furniture sometimes is only mattresses. Edibles are occasionally vegetarian. The electronic music is overwhelming—like that at the weekend dances at auditoriums, where light patterns dance on walls and as many as 3,000 or more gather.

By 1980, a little less than half the California electorate will be voters now under 25. Aware that youth power is growing, many hippies—unlike current activists on college campuses—are inclined to be patient and to think mass political protest futile, feeling it's better to build model organizations than join now in institutions they regard as corrupt. Says a hippie: "Look around. All the adults have done is pollute the air, poison the water, and verge on blowing up the world."

Haight-Ashbury, which flowered in only a few months, glows with conviction that its influence is crossing the country. For allies, it looks to the Provos in the Netherlands and even to Chinese and Russian discontented youth. But various factors are taking a toll of the region: rising rents, human emotional divisions among leaders and households, boredom with uncompetitive life, the lure of costly material things. An estimated 50 percent leave the district within a week of arrival.

Happiness for this hairy-legged hippie is having a nightshirt, a string of beads and a kaleidoscope, and letting the rest of the world go by.

A hero of the hippies is Chet Helm who spreads the message by printing and selling far-out pop and op art posters. Helm is also a leader of "The Family Dog," hip dramatic group that meets in a former Oriental temple.

Osawatomie, KANSAS

What's happening in Osawatomie, Kansas? I'll tell you what's happening in Osawatomie, Kansas. Little League baseball, church basketball, a new pool hall, fishing, hunting, bridge... and kids going off to college and never returning to Osawatomie, Kansas.

BY EDWARD FULTON, UPI KANSAS CITY

OSAWATOMIE is a town of 4,700 on the plains of Kansas 43 miles southwest of Kansas City. Two years after it was settled in 1854, John Brown arrived. His cabin has been retained as the centerpiece in John Brown Park.

The town has 1,200 school kids. It is prosperous enough that it is now building a $1.9 million school building for them.

Like all small towns, Osawatomie's main problem is keeping its children. The editor of the weekly newspaper says that when the youngsters go away to college, it is generally the last the town sees of them.

But the town tries. Any parent can reel off an impressive list of organized activities designed to make their children's days go faster. There's Job's Daughters, Demolay, high school clubs, Little League baseball, church basketball. There was a youth center but it closed because of lack of attendance. The kids say there were always too many parents around.

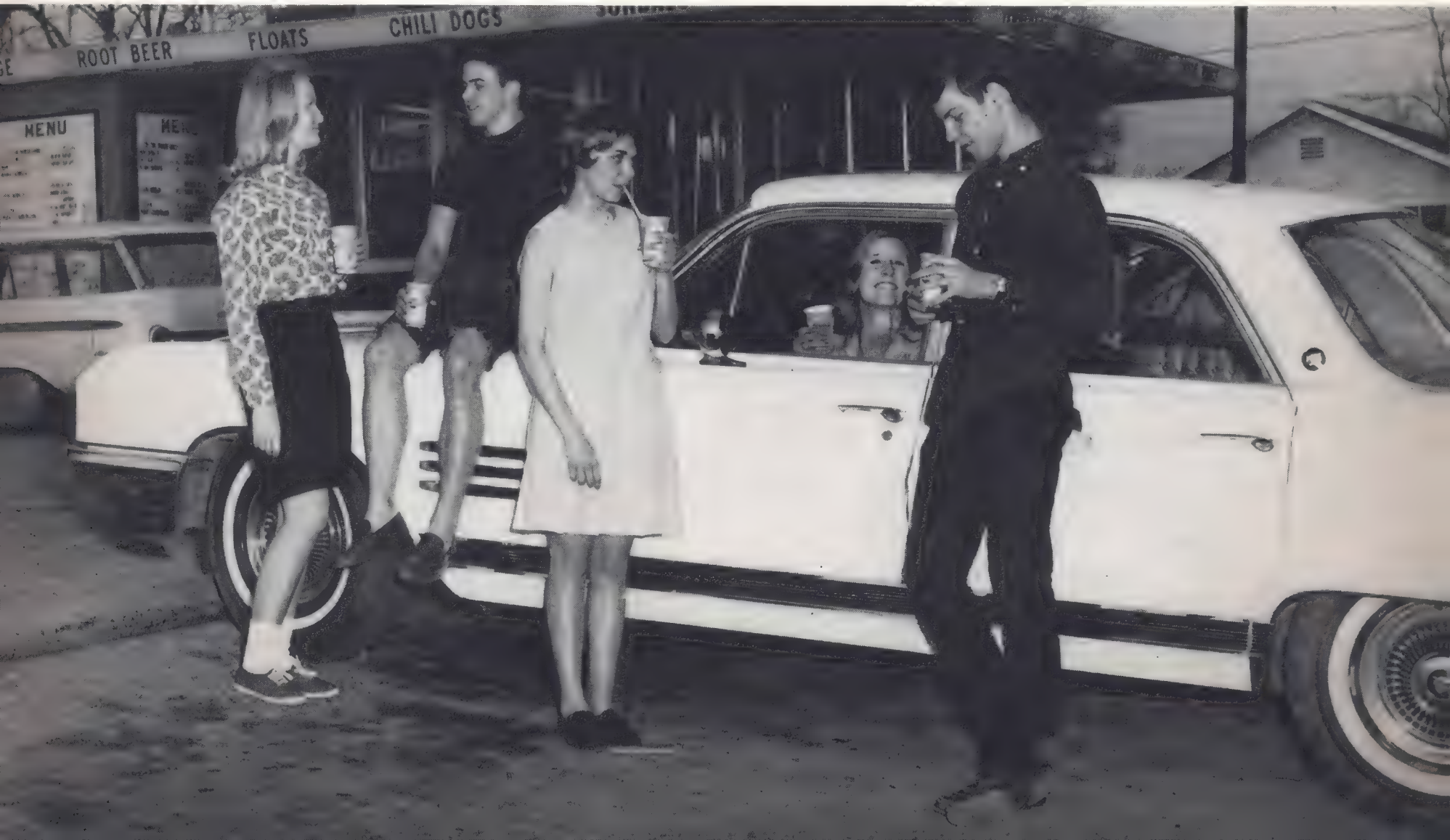
Residents are proud of their pool hall. "You know what I mean—clean, a nice place," they say.

The summer for teen-agers at Osawatomie means the outdoors. They fish in the river and in ponds within a few miles of the town. They play golf at the town's nine-hole green grass course. On a hot day they go swimming in the town's pool in John Brown Park.

Early fall is quail time in Osawatomie and a family without a bird dog and several .16 gauge shotguns is the exception. Boys learn early that you don't consciously lead a flying bird, you swing the gun past him and pull the trigger when the barrel blots him out.

Kids learn to play bridge. They get to know scrabble, chess and poker. Many have pool and ping-pong tables in their homes.

At about sunset on a good evening, the boys and girls hop in the family cars and "tool the town." This means they drive up and down Sixth Street looking for each other. They meet at a drive-in called the Flamingo or at another called the A & W where they sip soft drinks. At the drive-ins, plans are made for the rest of the evening. Parking and smooching are popular. They drive back and forth between those two drive-ins as people in Las Vegas travel from casino to casino. END



"Tooling the town" is the favorite pastime for Osawatomie teen-agers. After meeting on Sixth Street, they spend the evening cruising back and forth between drive-ins looking for the action.

"What I have in mind is president of General Motors."

BUSINESS MAJOR

John H., 19, aspires to a career in top business management. His shirts are neat, and his hair is short. He is a junior at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce; his father is a public-spirited bank president. John spent summers in the mortgage department of a bank and studied computer language while other teens were tomcatting. Here, he tells who's really square:

WHAT I HAVE IN MIND IS president of General Motors. I don't think being president of a smaller company would be nearly as interesting. I would rather die than lose at squash. My parents kept harping at me to be a good loser. But good losers—are losers.

I've never been a Don Juan; my first kiss was given to a little girl next door. On the lips. We were both in the third grade. I can remember her, but not her face. I had no reaction at all. It was an experiment of a sort. We probably laughed. A hell-raiser, basically, I'm not.

At the end of my senior year, I was absolutely disgusted with everyone. It lasted two weeks. I have an image of some grossly fat sophomore walking ahead of me down the hall. He was mindless and ugly. He was wearing white Levis and no socks. He got this from the seniors; this became the thing to do. I dislike fat slobs and conformists.

There was only one person running for treasurer in my senior year. I thought it was pretty disgraceful, so I ran too. I handed out balloons—"H— — — for Treasurer." It began to snowball. I was kind of upset when I won. It was a protest; I didn't like all the apathy. Even if it was there, I didn't want it to be so painfully obvious.

The idea of following in my father's footsteps does nothing for me. Bankers compete like mad for money—but not for survival. I was 15 or 16 when I started summer work. I remember calling people for past-due mortgages. I didn't like it much. Some would start cursing me. I wanted to curse back, but bank employees aren't supposed to.

There are not too many capable young men going into business. The most significant institution in American society, for better or worse, is business. A lot of my friends think they are accomplishing sweeping changes politically. By ignoring business, they don't stand much of a chance.

I may have romantic notions about business. I take the attitude that the person who leaves at five o'clock every Friday has the mentality of a not-awfully-bright clerk. The way I see it, you work until the work is finished. Executives put in a lot more than 40 hours a week.

I object to our Vietnam policy. There has never been any clear planning or any direction. We are not causing events—we're simply surviving events. Morally, legally—yes—we should be there. Very vaguely do I remember something going on in Korea. I think it was the Hungarian revolt in 1956 that really shook me. I saw the headline on a newsstand. It was just horrible and brutal enough to have meaning for me at the age of ten. I could see these tanks, with that Communist Red Star, shooting women and children—children my age throwing Molotov cocktails at tanks.

Winston Churchill was the closest thing to a Renaissance man in this century, a multitude of intelligence and talent. I am not multitalented, but I would like to try my hand someday at writing a book—maybe an economic treatise, or a book defining the social role of big business. First, of course, I would have to be president of General Motors. Everything GM does has a big impact on the society of the U.S. Whether they've been aware of their sociological impact, I don't know. It's easy enough to say they should be involved, but how far does their responsibility go?

This may be youthful idealism, but I don't stop at president of General Motors. I think a lot about the career that McNamara has. He was president of Ford.

What I'd really like to be is President of the United States, but the era of entering high elective office without movie-star looks is over. The American public is not thinking very deeply about its Government. I'm a great believer in democracy, but then I look around me, and say, "How can these people possibly be responsible for their own actions? They're unaware, uninvolved, uneducated, unconcerned."

There's a more underlying trend I worry about—an increasing trend to welfare, social security, rent subsidies—more and more control by regulatory agencies. I don't entirely blame the Government. Apparently, the people want more of the same. But this robs life of its vitality. The Depression brought massive feelings of insecurity, which didn't exist to that degree before.

The switched-on set—the discotheques and mini-skirts—don't interest me. It's just a fad, like the boots—I wonder if they're trying to look like Storm Troopers. It's not that I dislike the LSD kooks. It's just that I do not *like* them. They seem not to be very interesting. They seek to identify themselves with the minority who are *really* seeking an intellectual experience. I wonder what it is they lack in their lives.

I don't smoke, and I've never been drunk. Some of the kids around home would zip over to New York for drinks, taking their lives in their hands coming back. My friends tell me liquor always tastes bad at first, but after a while, you get to like it. I don't see the point in doing something you don't like—just so you can get used to it.

I'm an Episcopalian, but don't go to church. I believe in a sort of universal plan, but human beings aren't that important in it. What I question is the ability of any human to interpret the will of God. I just don't believe you can institutionalize God, which is the most important function of all churches.

There's a big void in my mind between the time I get out of graduate school and become president of General Motors. I'll be satisfied when I've done the best I possibly can—for myself, my family and my employer, whether it be the stockholders of General Motors or the taxpayers of the United States.

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BY DANIEL CHAPMAN, LOOK

JOB CORPS TRAINEE:

"I was doing all right until 6th grade."

William T., 19, from Johnson City, Tenn., is two years out of the 8th grade. He has spent six months at the Branchville Job Corps Center, on a pine plantation of Hoosier National Forest near Tell City, Ind. More than 12,000 young men (ages 16 to 22) work in conservation centers like Branchville, as they learn enough reading and math to hold decent jobs. Another 13,000, and about 4,000 girls, get more specialized training in big urban centers. Most of them share William's wary hopes.

Conversations parents never hear...

I MUST HAVE BEEN FIVE OR SIX when I got off the school bus and took off. No one saw me go. I hid in a field until school took up. Then I went to my grandmother's. It happened so many times that I got thrown out of school. But they let me back the next term.

Then we moved outside of town, a six-room house with an acre of ground, enough room for a dog and a pony. I was seven or eight when my aunt called and said she had this pony for us. So we went up to Ohio and brought him home in the back seat of the car.

Up until the sixth grade, I was keeping up. I was left back twice, but I was doing good. Only, I didn't pay much attention during hunting season. I got hunting fever. It's like something working inside you, working on you to get out in the woods with a gun—just get out there. The woods are bigger back home, bigger trees than here, oak and beech and sycamore. My uncle taught me to hunt, and we'd shoot squirrels and rabbits. I never got a deer.

They build up your English and math in sixth grade. But I couldn't keep up. My teacher was the principal and kept running in and out all the time. He wasn't a good teacher, just a nice guy. Then, in junior high, I lost part of a semester and wasn't promoted. My second year in seventh grade and in eighth, I didn't give a damn. Most of the class didn't care either. You can't learn in a class like that.

Sometimes I tried. Once, in math class, I was sitting there, trying to listen to the teacher. The rest of the guys were in back, raising all sorts of hell. I could take it for a while; then it got on my nerves. So I dropped it, stopped trying to listen—just dropped it. The next day, I was back there with them, because I knew it was going to be the same.

I'd mess around in the halls, get in fights, make trouble in class. If I was really out to raise hell, the teacher could only take it for a couple of days, then she'd get me out of there. That was the game—getting suspended. I used to run with a crowd. We'd go to football games, dances. We'd crash parties. They could ask us to leave, but it wouldn't do much good. We'd do what we wanted. Sometimes, there'd be a fight. If more than one jumped in, we'd all get into it. We never started anything. We would say something to get them to start it. Some of the guys would fight with knives. I'd back down from a knife. We were the "out" crowd. The others thought they were better. They had more money, better clothes; most of them did better at school. The biggest part of them had cars.

I was 17, in the eighth grade, when my father died. He had a coronary, and snap, just like that, he was gone. I felt all bare inside. He was a big, husky man, a blacksmith in a plant. We never ran around together. He always had to work. I could have gotten to know him a lot better.

I was thinking how I could help out my mother. I've got two younger sisters and a brother. I thought maybe I could get a steady job. So I quit school. I told the principal, and he didn't say anything.

If I'd known what it was like outside before I quit, I'd have buckled down, done something. There's a girl back home who started with me. If I'd studied all the time, I'd have graduated with her, last year. It's rough outside. But guys quitting school, they don't know. Every place I went, they asked me if I'd finished high school. When I told them no, they looked down on me. "We'll call you if we need you," they said. But they never called.

My first job, I mixed mortar for a house. Then I worked in a lumberyard, loading boards, and in the hayfields, throwing bales of hay. I mostly made a dollar an hour. Some places paid 75 cents or less. Sometimes, it took two or three months to find a job, but I kept looking. My mother went to work in a school cafeteria. We made enough to get along.

For seven months, I washed windows. That was the worst job. I took home $30 a week, worked eight hours a day. But I made $50 a week in the marble factory. It was the best job I had, making marbles, but the factory just ran in the summer. It wasn't permanent.

About a year after my father died, my mother got married again. They asked my permission. It wasn't my place to tell her not to, but I did. I didn't like him. My brother and sisters didn't like him.

Mom and my step-dad went to the unemployment office with me, and I tried to get into the Neighborhood Youth Corps. But they make too much money for me to get in. So, there was the Job Corps. They feed you the biggest line of bull to get you down here. I wish I hadn't listened to them. It's like the damn Army.

When I left home, I didn't know what I was coming into. I was scared. So I bought a knife. I turned it in last week. I had this problem when I got here, couldn't get along with Negroes, never been around them. I didn't like it, didn't like it at all. I wasn't used to them. But I get along with them now. Billy [a Negro], he's a nice guy.

We're so far from town, we never get to see any girls except on weekends. Then they don't speak to us. The people in town got something against the Job Corps. They look down on us. I heard the Job Corps was just to get us kids off the streets.

Out in the boondocks, you're mostly your own boss. We use chain saws, and they've been letting us run heavy equipment. It's not the same as hunting, but you're out there where the trees are.

I'm trying as hard as I can. The rest of them are too. But we're not learning as much as we should. As soon as I get my education up, I'll go into the Marines. I tried to join, but I failed the test.

If I could learn to handle heavy equipment, I'd like that, become a construction worker and move with the job. If I don't learn it here, where else am I going to learn it?

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BY IRA MOTHNER, LOOK

VISTA WORKER:

"I wouldn't trade this year for the next 20."

Eleanor I., 20, from Salt Lake City, Utah, has had one year of college and is a VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America) working in an area in the Appalachian foothills known as Big Creek. Petite and perky, she's grown slightly chubby on sour milk biscuits, shuck beans and bulldog gravy.

I WAS JUST FINISHING one year of general education at the University of Utah. I became a VISTA because I was sick of school. The regimentation, the whole thing. I really didn't fit into college. I don't mean I didn't join in. I went to the football games, had a lot of friends. One night at three, in the middle of studying for a final, I decided I'd had it, and I made up my mind to become a VISTA. I had been thinking about it a lot. I'd read Michael Harrington's book, *The Other America*. It's like he says at the end: "Until these facts shame us, until they stir us to action, the other America will continue to exist. . . ." I read the book in my senior year in high school, and I'd been thinking about it ever since. I guess it was that book that influenced me the most. It really started everything. . . . Maybe it started even before that.

When I was 13, I ran away from home. I went to stay with my grandpa, who lived over on the west side of Salt Lake City, in the slums. He wasn't like my father; he didn't have money. It was awful. I remember an old man down the hall lying on a bed; he had no legs and was surrounded by filth. There were piles of tattered magazines and cheap paperback novels. I'd never seen anything like this before. It was only the other side of the city, but it was a different world. I remember a young couple, teen-agers, who passed me in the hall, and one said to the other, "What's she doing here? She doesn't belong here." That made me mad—that they should say I didn't belong there. . . .

When we first trained in Berea, Ky., boy, that's when we were all idealists. They fed us full of all sorts of stuff like, "Let them make their own mistakes. The middle class makes its own mistakes. If they want to have a Roman bath in the middle of their holler, help 'em build it!" Ho. Ho. Get them to *want* a Roman bath. That week of training we had in Berea was mostly lectures. You know, "Idealism—here, catch it. It's our duty to get the poor involved in the democratic process." Then, we came down here to Big Creek and lived with a family. That exposure was really something. When we got back to Berea, we all said, "*Hallelujah! We'll never go back there.*" But when they asked us where we wanted to be assigned—yep, Clay County. So here we are.

The day we came here, one of the first things we saw was all the garbage in the roads and creeks. They've been dumping the garbage in the creeks for generations. We decided that would be our first project—clean up the garbage. We thought we'd get that done in a few days. Today, nine months later, my idealism has been watered down. *Optimism* is a much better word than *idealism*. Call me an optimist. An idealist doesn't see the bad stuff. An optimist knows the evil and the ugly. The problem isn't getting them to like you. It is getting them to do something. The whole year could be spent shooting the breeze, just sitting on their porches and talking. These people are proud of their poverty. It's like Sally's husband David Williams says: "I'm a little bit loud, poor, but proud." They are proud of how they have survived for years. . . .

Disappointed? We haven't been able to do as much as we thought we could. You see so many problems, and you can't do much about them. Like kids who can't read or write. You hope to con them or shame them or help them into going back to school, and it doesn't work. Like John, he's Sally's son. You'll meet Sally in the next holler. John is in the fourth grade, and he's 15. And her son Lenny. You try to insult them. I toss a book at John and say, "Here, read this." I know he can't, and it really hurts me to do it. But you keep hoping that if you can humiliate them enough or prod them enough or arouse their appetites enough, you'll be able to help them. When we first came in, we thought we'd be able to do remedial reading, lots of big-idea stuff. Maybe when we leave, we'll have the Girl Scouts. Everything goes so slowly. Maybe the garbage dump will be going. We have 24 people signed up. We have a truck. The county judge hopes to come out and bulldoze soon. . . .

Peace Corps? Charity begins at home. . . .

I guess I empathize too much with people. A group of VISTA's were talking just the other night about this very thing. We got into a big argument. I said the people were happy. They said, "If they are so happy, what are you doing here?" I blew up. When they climb into bed at night, sometimes four kids and the parents in one bed, they are really happy. Yet their potential is not realized, and they really have intellectual capabilities. It's just that they have no sense of what potential is. I think we can help them discover what it is. Things are far from hopeless. Freddy, Sally's 25-year-old son, went to Fort Smith and made good, and they are plenty proud of him. They like to grow. It's just getting them to realize that. It makes me mad when people call them apathetic.

In J. E. Weller's book, he says the people here weren't part of the Industrial Revolution. Their personal emotions are their intellectual capacity. They read your feelings more than what you are saying.

That is not to put them down and say they are apathetic. We are the middle class, schooled in object goals—good house, car, stereo. They just don't have this. What we're striving for here is community action. Getting 25 families together and being able to have them really talk, work together on things to improve the community and give themselves a social outlet. Like going out and fixing the swinging bridge instead of waiting for the magistrate to come on up to fix it. Or the ladies getting together in a sewing group. Or the kids working on their reading together.

When I went back to Utah this past Christmas, it was like there wasn't the communication there was before. I feel I belong here. I was thinking about staying another year, but I think I need to become good in some specific thing. That's why I'm going back to school in the fall. I'm sure I'll come back. Not necessarily here, although I hope so, but wherever there are poor people. . . . No doubt about it. I probably got 25 times more from these people than I've ever given to them. I'm terribly indebted to them. I wouldn't trade this year for the next 20.

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BY BETTY BAER, LOOK

"I talk to my father and he FALLS ASLEEP"

FATHERS AND SONS:

Conversations parents never hear...

Jerry, Warren, Christopher, Josh and Charlie are "model" teen-agers, articulate, intelligent members of respected families. Each is a youth leader in their common community, a Boston suburb. All are "A" or "B" students in high school. Their guidance counselor calls them "ideal, untroubled." Promised anonymity, these five talked out about their fathers. Their words voice the feelings of more than three-fourths of the 55 boys interviewed.

Jerry K. is 17, handsome and laconic—about most things.
My father works 100 hours a day. He brings work home every evening. He goes into his office on Sunday. A month ago, he went into the backyard and shot some baskets with me. He thought he was a hero because he spent 15 minutes there. I couldn't wait until he left. I literally have no idea who he is. How could I? We have rarely discussed anything meaningful. We used to talk at dinner at least. Then, he bought a small television set and put it in the kitchen. We were forbidden—*forbidden*—to talk. I tried once or twice and quit. I got sore. I wanted to talk. I got a job as stockboy in a department store. It keeps me out until after dinner is finished at home. Now, I go three-four days without seeing my father. I tell him he works too hard. He says he has to work hard to build a business for us. By the time the business is paying for itself, who'll need it anyway? I used to wonder why he was hiding from me. Now, I don't care.

Warren C., 18, plans to join the Navy upon graduation. His family can afford only a local college, which means living at home. Warren wants to get out of the house.
I haven't talked seriously with anyone around here in ten years. My father is not the type who sits and listens. He sits and tells you. When he bothers. I sit down to talk to my father, and he falls asleep. If I take a problem to him, he immediately jumps into a stand and tells me what to do. That does me no good. I'm old enough for a discussion, not an ultimatum. One day, I came home to tell my folks I had just gotten an "A" in Advanced Placement physics. My father and I got involved in something the minute I walked in the door, and it ended with him telling me I'm not old enough to have a serious opinion about anything. I walked out of the house. I never did tell him about the "A." I can't win an argument with my father. So I duck him or become indifferent when he's around. My mother says I must respect him. I want to. But he has to have some respect for me too. With the Navy next year and then college, if I'm lucky, this will be my last year at home.

Christopher H., 18, is bright, outwardly poised. He says he wants to be an engineer, seems hesitant about his choice.
I have few problems with my parents because I don't have that much to do with them. Why should I? What do they know about me? They know I go to school, and I come home. When I was trying to select a college, they never said a word. They said they would send me, and that was all. No opinion about where to go, how much money there was to spend or anything. They never even asked me which ones I was applying to.

My father said I was old enough to decide for myself. I have freedom. Boy, do I have freedom! I wish someone would tell me what to do sometimes. Members of a family should be genuinely interested in each other and be straightforward about it, without detours. Sometimes, I get awfully lonely. Why don't they try to get closer to me?

Josh W., 17, husky, a football halfback as well as an excellent student, wonders about the importance of grades.
Every now and then, I feel like escaping. Everybody pressures me for grades. My father and I have only two topics of conversation, cars and marks. If I come home with a "C" on a test, he reminds me that he was a *magna cum* from Harvard. My mother and I frankly deceive him now. She signs anything unfavorable from school that requires a signature and doesn't tell him. My grades generally are very good. Maybe I'll get into Harvard. But what happens if I don't? College is a starting, not an ending, point. It won't be the biggest thing in my life. Why the pushing? How much of it is phony panic? There are so many real things to worry about, why should we invent problems? And if I realize this, why doesn't my father?

Charlie B., 17, is one of the most popular boys in the senior class. A smile rarely leaves his face. It leaves when he talks about his father.
My father has his own problems, and I don't expect him to devote all his spare time to me or to understand all of what I want to do. But I ought to get a few credits from him. I volunteered last summer to tutor some poor kids in reading in a town near here. My father laughed when I told him, and said if I were smart, I'd earn some money. We don't need the money, and he didn't want any of what I would have earned. But I wasn't getting paid for tutoring, so it was no good.

Two years ago, a group of us went to a school basketball game. It was a rough game with a lot of heckling. On the way home, two guys from the other school jumped my best friend. They really began pounding him. The other two in my group just watched. I couldn't stand there and let my friend watch me watch him getting hurt. So I jumped in to help him. I was cut up pretty badly. When I got home, my parents were sore. They couldn't understand why I had to interfere. About six years ago, I ran away. We were driving home from my grandfather's funeral—my mother's father—and my father criticized my grandfather. On the way home from the man's funeral. I didn't say anything, but I left that night and stayed away three days.

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BY CHARLES MANGEL, LOOK

ure, Pressure, Pressure, Pre

With the suicide rate for 15- to 19-year olds up by 48 percent, one of the few areas of agreement about American youth today is that they are under far greater pressures than any of the generations that have gone before them.

THE PRESSURES COME from all sides—grades, getting into a good college, military service, athletic competition, the temptations of a new sexual freedom, the status symbol of having an automobile, the greater incidence of broken homes, the search for identity.

Some of the pressures are healthy and most are not unique to this generation. But the tempo and sophistication of modern life have spiraled. And never was such emphasis put on reaching that vague but all-important goal: SUCCESS.

Today more than 45 percent of all boys and girls are going into at least the freshman year of college—more than 6 million of them. Twenty years ago the figure was 25 percent.

They are bombarded with warnings about dropping out, such as the statistics published by the National Bureau of Economic Research showing the annual earnings potential of a college graduate to average $12,269, a high school graduate $6,295, and an elementary school graduate only $4,337.

The pressures on young men are especially heavy and one underlying factor is that many fear they will be nearing what they feel is almost middle age before they get started. With emphasis so great on post-graduate study, let alone a bachelor's degree, plus two years' military service, an American male can reach 28 before even beginning his career or holding a good job.

The 15- to 19-year age bracket accounts for almost 2 percent of the annual suicide toll of approximately 22,000 lives. That is a low rate but, from the adult view, it is startling that it should be even that great. The last authoritative study on the subject, conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., shows that suicides in that age group increased by 48 percent in the decade between 1950-52 and 1960-62. The question arises why anyone can reasonably give up on life before he has really known it.

Psychological science traces the increase to a breakdown in communication between adolescents and their elders and to adult indifference toward adolescent problems.

Dr. Abraham P. Perlstein of the University of New York Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn places a good deal of the blame on parents for their "failure to be affectionate and cooperative with each other" plus "excessive expectations by the parents, failures at school and disappointments in adolescent love relationships."

UPI reporters talked with dozens of young people and also with parents, teachers and guidance counselors about modern day pressures. The majority of the youngsters themselves seemed to feel they were under somewhat less pressure than their elders believed they were being subjected to—perhaps out of a guilt feeling because there was a consensus on both sides that the pressures come largely from the parents.

Grades and college were the pressures most often mentioned. It was a striking fact that few talked of the threat of the nuclear bomb, although many are worried over the Vietnam War. The draft is, of course, of widespread concern to young men and it is apparent that, among their own peers, there is little stigma attached to trying to avoid military service if it can be done legally.

Some of the worries are as eternal as youth. A Purdue University survey of what worries teen-agers most listed the two principal ones as: "Want to gain or lose weight (52 percent)" and "Don't know how to get rid of pimples (33 percent)."

But, in the long run, the pressures came down to SUCCESS.

Said Harry Sullivan, senior advisor at Arlington High School in Indianapolis:

"I think we have made it a crime not to succeed. Everybody fails somewhere. Then, too, kids in their early twenties expect to have now what their parents have spent 20 or

continued

BY OTTO STURM, UPI NEW YORK

"She was crying something about how her mother didn't want her, and she had no friends, and people didn't like her." That's how a police officer recalled this attempted suicide by a 16-year-old high school student. More dramatic than most, this cry for help is echoed by increasing numbers of young people caught up in pressures they cannot cope with. Some are not stopped in time. Others are rescued, only to return to the loneliness and frustrations they felt before. This girl, saved by police nets, left school after the incident and has not been heard from by school authorities. "When you've got 3500 pupils, all of them with problems," her former principal says, "you can't afford to keep one whose problems are unmanageable. You've got to weed them out."

25 years accumulating. They come out of a nice home and they would like to start off right where their parents are."

Jean Stern, 20, a student at San Fernando Valley State College in Northbridge, Calif., was born in Morocco and came to the United States 12 years ago. He has a detached perspective: "The American family gives and demands more independence out of their young. They try to make him run when in reality he is just barely old enough to walk. My family is of the old European stock. Life centers around the family. You do not move out until you get married. Yes, I think it would be nice to have more freedom, but I can't say what my family is doing is bad for me. It gives me more security."

Colleen Ferguson, 22, a senior at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, says: "I think girls feel pressure, too. I don't really think many of them go to college for their MRS. degree. They feel they have to be more educated if they are going to get ahead. A woman knows that if she is going to work at all, she'll be competing in a man's world."

Larry Bohanan, 22, also a senior at USC, says: "College students have to be able to do more things and more things better than ever before. We're caught up in a sonic generation where things happen fast. Teachers, parents and society are short-tempered. We're sorta the jet set in tennis shoes. A kid can't even play Little League baseball now without a parent jumping down his neck if he makes an error. Everyone expects their kid to be a Maury Wills or a Ted Williams. It's that way all up the line."

Don Fiala, 18, of Seattle, a student at Seattle Community College and part-time copy boy for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, says: "The older generation seems to feel that you grow up to a certain point and stop right there and that you are right. The young persons come along and want to change. There's no use worrying about the good old days when we've got the new days coming."

Janice McCall, 18, of Bellevue, Wash., a high school senior, says: "When I was in the seventh grade, kids first started wearing nylons. Now they're doing it in the fifth grade and I don't like it. There's a tendency to rush kids and not give them a chance to be kids. At the same time, the parents don't want them to grow up too fast."

Randy Segal, 21, a sophomore at Miami-Dade Junior College, says: "Every kid in school today is under terrific pressure to stay in school, to get grades to stay in because of the Vietnam war and the draft. They're going to school but they're not deriving much from it. A lot of them would rather be out in the business world." END

The Quiet Ones, The Serious Ones

American youth is like an iceberg—more than nine-tenths out of sight below the surface. These are the quiet kids, the serious ones, the non-protestors, the committed ones.

"Maybe it was just seeing what happens to people who don't go to college and what happens to people who do go to college," is one way Cheryl Bradford explains her drive to get high grades in high school. A senior at Arlington High School in Indianapolis, Ind., Cheryl ranks among the top 20 in a class of 620 students. She plans to enter Purdue University as a mathematics major, possibly become a scientist or engineer. "I have to study very much to keep up my high grades," Cheryl admits, "but I still have time for extracurricular activities after school and on weekends."

Seventeen-year-old Cheryl transferred to Arlington from Crispus Attucks, a predominately Negro high school in the heart of the Indianapolis slum area. Of her former school she says, "I don't think the neighborhood makes that much difference. It depends on how easily a person is swayed by what his friends do. You can live any place and still make something of yourself because you can always leave. You have to do what YOU want to do."

Mike McGinnis represents the vast majority of teen-agers—the quiet ones who don't make headlines. Mike is not a rebel. He doesn't join protest marches or demonstrations. He keeps his dark brown hair neatly trimmed and his clothes clean and conventional. He studies hard and works hard. And—he's successful.

Mike, 22, is a first-year medical student at the University of California at Los Angeles, studying on a scholarship. He graduated from the University of California at Berkeley last year with a slew of honors—class valedictorian, alumni association choice as senior who had contributed most to the community, and permament president of his class.

What's more, Mike has an ideal. "I want to go into international medicine," he says, "working first in Asia and then with the United Nations or World Health Organization." As Mike explains it, ". . . I want to go where the action is or where it is needed. It's something I would enjoy doing. I'm not a martyr . . . I'm not interested in making a lot of money . . . just enough to get along."

Gail Byrnes is a lady barber. LADY BARBER? Why not? It's what she enjoys more than anything and she's good at it. Gail had dropped out of school in Seattle, Washington, in the ninth grade and joined the Job Corps. She almost dropped out of that, too, but her mother, a widow, convinced her to give it one more try. This time Gail thought carefully about what she really wanted to do, and finally decided on haircutting. The Los Angeles Job Corps then sent her to barber school. Now employed at a Culver City, California, men's barber shop, Gail says, "The real satisfaction is in doing something you really enjoy. Even so, you have to work for what you want."

Paul Conklin, Peace Corps

The Peace Corps symbolizes the greatest contribution of the 1960s by quiet, serious-minded American youth. Typical of thousands of Peace Corps volunteers, Ron Kuhl is helping to make history in Sabah, Malaysia. A biology major at West Virginia University, Ron has turned English teacher for Sabah elementary school children. He teaches six different grades—40 half-hour class sessions a week. The rewards are simple—a nod of understanding, a smile of friendship.

Donna Wilson's world is the circus world. The 19-year-old, green-eyed redhead is a trapeze artist in an act billed "The Fabulous Feminine Fantasy of Flight." She performs with five other girls high above the center ring. Donna, born in Richmond, Va., has known the world of sawdust, clowns, wild animals, and daring acrobatics all her life. She is second generation circus. Both her parents are circus clowns and her four sisters and one brother all have circus jobs.

"ARE YOU A TEEN-AGER?" "YEAH, I'M AFRAID SO"

BY JACK SHEPHERD, LOOK

DAVE MORRIS, quietly sailing his toy, homemade catamaran on a lake in Atlanta's Piedmont Park, got to his feet as I neared, an invading adult.

"Hi," I waved. "Are you a teen-ager by any chance?"

"Yeah," Dave said with a grin, "I'm afraid so."

So began LOOK's probe into this private world Americans call teen-age. For six weeks, eight LOOK writers and researchers traveled 10,000 miles and interviewed more than 550 youngsters, 13 to 20 years old. We listened to teen-agers from 95 U.S. towns—New York to San Francisco, Gilead, Maine, to Twist, Ark.

We heard them on their own turf, without other adults around. We found them on the beaches, in pools and pool halls, schools and universities, parks, playgrounds, and in endless chosen drive-ins, bars, clubs and hangouts, dark, loud or snuggy, safe from the adult world. We interviewed two folk-rock bands (The Saxons and The Groupies), a senator's son, soldiers (teen-agers guard the Tomb of the Unknowns), surfers, civil-rights workers and hundreds more, some of them odd, but most the familiar American types. We wanted answers to 83 questions LOOK editors had raised about cheating, sex, drugs, morality, their parents, the war in Vietnam, civil rights, their religious beliefs. We got them. The 45-minute questionnaire interview sometimes took three hours to complete.

What is this "open generation" like? The answer comes quickly from John Marshal, 18, a serious past president of student government and 1966 graduate of Tucson (Ariz.) High School. "Kids are very discontented with life today in the United States," he says. "They can't help it. Something is definitely missing, and I think we're out to find it." In their search, these adolescents are rattling adult America—educators, parents, police, President Johnson, you, me. They are restless, impatient, maybe spoiled and contradictory.

No one can ignore them. What they believe, the direction they take, will pull the country with them; 47 percent of the population of the U.S. right now is under 25 years old, and that proportion rises steadily.

Here is what they think:

• Sixty-four percent say we can't prevent war, "but we should continue to try." Jill Snead, 18, in the Kopper Skillet, a teen hangout outside Richmond, Va., asks, "We start wars, why can't we prevent them?" Paula Wassermann, 14, of New York City, answers, "because people are so afraid of beauty. It's the way unsatisfied people get their satisfaction."

• Thirty-three percent believe the United States is no longer a democracy; 55 percent agree that some people, no matter how hard they work, can't make it in this country. Gone is the Horatio Alger dream. Carl Hicks, 13, playing on the ball field of the white high school in Selma, Ala., says, "Negroes are working hard, and they don't get ahead." To Jay Fliegelman, 17, of New York City, the reason is simple, "We've lost Hoover's rugged individualism. It's hard to get ahead now without gimmicks—angles to catch the public eye. The U.S. is becoming a country of gimmicks."

• Most think the war in Vietnam is immoral and unjust, but 66 percent agree that as long as we're there, we should fight to stop the spread of communism. "I wish it hadn't happened," says Tom Breeden, 18, of Atlanta, Ga. "I don't want to go to Vietnam to fight for something I don't understand." The confusion over this war is widespread. Karen Young, 18, of San Francisco, says, "I have the feeling we're morally wrong. . . . I don't know if democracy would work better than communism there." Another Californian, in the Job Corps, adds bitterly, "It's a very good cause, trying to save their freedom, even if it is against their will." Few back the President on escalation. "Since they started it, they should finish it," says Karen Anne Christenson, 13, a scrubbed and pigtailed Bethesda, Md., 8th-grader with glasses. "But they shouldn't accelerate and accelerate. They should talk to the Vietcong instead of throwing bombs." Mark James, a 13-year-older from Harlem, agrees, "Why don't we let the people there decide what they want? Families don't want to raise their kids to be dead marines." There are few pro-war fire-eaters in LOOK's poll. Most would agree with Dean Todd, 17, who spent the summer working in the Krispy Kream doughnut shop before his senior year at Myrtle Beach (S.C.) High School: "We are securing what we think is a free way of life in this world."

• They try to seem well-informed. Some 89 percent read the newspaper, most say daily. But only ten percent read it thoroughly. The rest admit skimming the sports pages, Ann Landers, comics and "some stuff on the front page." They take the easy way, picking up news from TV. Seventy-one percent read books outside their school assignments, from *Pilgrim's Progress* through 1966 best sellers.

• Forty-two percent argue that their hometown police aren't fair. They claim they are "unreasonable" and hard to talk to; others feel they are dishonest and on the "take."

• Almost half (49 percent) think that civil-rights and peace demonstrations do not help a cause. Some 56 percent say they don't—and won't—participate in demonstrations. They say they are unruly and often unlawful, that civil-rights marches are objectless after recent legislation. John Price, 18, a sophomore at the University of Florida, thinks "demonstrations are a thing of the past."

Still, these kids defend the individual's choice. More than 90 percent of them believe that people should be free to march in protest against things they feel are unjust. "Yes, they should be allowed; that's a basic right," says Jay Casey, 15, a solid, hard-nosed linebacker trying out for the Selma, Ala., high-school football team.

• They are skeptical. Forty-one percent say that the Beatles, Madison Avenue or "guys out to get a fast buck" set teen-agers' fads. A 16-year-old boy protests, "We are brainwashed by the manufacturers." Only 16 percent find advertising "believable." Television is singled out for abuse. Becky Frank, 17, of Denver, Colo., huffs, "Some TV ads must be directed at morons."

• They have few heroes, and struggled to list JFK, Mickey Mantle, Elvis Presley and Dr. Tom Dooley. One co-ed joked, "Babe Ruth, he was so cool." Not one teen-ager mentioned President Johnson. Why? Judy Abrahamsen, 17, of New York City, scoffs, "Not LBJ. He's kind of a non-hero."

• They're religious. But they tend to reject organized religion.

Some 86 percent say they believe in God or a Supreme Being.

Seventy-seven percent go to church or synagogue once a month.

Some 55 percent say their religious belief is getting stronger.

But most of them wouldn't go to church if their parents didn't push them. Faith, they argue, is personal and not tied to institutional religion. One boy says he likes church best when there are no people in it.

Strangely, they cite the "God is dead" controversy as one reason for strengthened religious belief. It has made teen-agers rethink what their churches tell them. The result is a fresher point of view. Denis Duffy, of Boston, says, "I believe God is a belief, not a 'Hello-Reverend-Jones-baby switchboard.' And He is not a loving God either. He has to be evil too." Their parents' religion isn't making it with the young.

Forty percent say they don't think clergymen keep in touch with teen-agers. "The clergy are still caught up in the Victorian outlook," argues Josh Shafran, 17, of New York City. "They're afraid to come out of it because they're afraid of what's happening to religion today." Merle Carr, 20, a sophomore at the University of North Carolina, adds, "They seem to believe and read the Bible without ever questioning it." Ted Mesmer, 19, leans on a table in Groovy's, a dark Washington, D.C., hangout, and thumps, "They live in a cloistered world. I've met some, and they're groping, clinging to the morality and beliefs of a different generation."

Educators get the same branding. Most teen-agers—59 percent—say there is something wrong with high school. And they name it: pressure

continued

"Success is a dirty word, all glittery with money, big cars."

for grades, mediocre teachers, uninspiring curriculum (62 percent would cut certain classes if they could). One girl says in anger, "You have to turn in little Dick-Jane-Sally papers to get good grades." A boy complains about "the minor art work required to pretty up papers for grades." Ted Mesmer, in Groovy's, fluffs his generous moustache, adjusts his glasses, and recalls his high school as "stifling, competitive, sophomoric, extra-basic."

The tests-grades-college-success spiral entwines our schools. That bind is why 92 percent say they would not quit school if they had the choice. Their reasons disturb. Tim Firkin, 18, president of his senior class last year in Louisville, Ky., says candidly, "It's the difference of $150,000 or $200,000 in your life's income, that's all."

Seventy-three percent of the teen-agers join high-school extracurricular activities. They do so, they say, because colleges push activities as one of the criteria for admission.

Most of the kids feel that grades outweigh learning. Eighty-five percent say they have to get high marks. Why? Paul Baldwin, 17 of Atlanta, Ga., who expects to go to medical school, says, "Good grades equal the college of your choice."

"They're what you're in high school for," says another 17-year-old. "We're in high school primarily to get into college. Prestige is also involved; they make people respect you more." Not all feel this way. Most agree with Signe Anderson, 17, a senior at Manchester (N.H.) Central High School, who believes "Education is really freedom; without it, you are trapped."

They cheat in school

Even with it, many feel caught by the pressure to succeed. Yet they offer no alternatives. Most—89 percent—accept testing in high school. They admit that "tests don't show what you know," but say there is no better way for teachers to judge students; tests prod kids, prepare them for "working under pressure." Charlie Acker, 19, of Greensburg, Ind., a sophomore at Wabash College, insists, "In high school, not enough people are mature enough to perform without a push." Few perform honestly.

Almost all—96 percent—of the youngsters in LOOK's survey say teen-agers cheat on school tests. One coed calls cheating "rampant." Erica Marsh, 19, a sophomore at the University of Florida, complains, "It's not only the thing to do, it's necessary to get ahead. I think you have to be a very strong person not to cheat; schools make it very hard not to."

Sixty-five percent of the kids think their teachers also cheat—by playing favorites, padding grades for colleges, giving easy true-false quizzes, not preparing for classes. (But only 27 percent think their parents cheat on things like income taxes and expense accounts.) "It's part of human nature to cut corners," laments Bob Eager of Valdosta, Ga., a Vanderbilt University senior at 19.

Not surprisingly, 75 percent say an honor system would not work in their school. In colleges and high schools where there is one, it is tagged "a mockery" by most students.

They seek honesty in testing, by everyone. They argue that true-false quizzers seem designed "to try to catch you" rather than test knowledge. They prefer essay questions, which are tougher, more comprehensive and make it harder to cheat. "Sometimes," says Claire Parkinson, valedictorian of Montpelier (Vt.) High School, "some of the things are ridiculous. For instance, on a test on English fiction, it doesn't teach you anything to memorize the names of the characters. But in order to make an 'A,' you have to know the name of every minor one."

Most kids—77 percent—believe their teachers care about them as students; 79 percent say they admire at least one teacher. "The good ones make you think—use your mind," says a Boston girl. A 17-year-old boy from Virginia bubbles, "They're just like us; they're all as wild as we are. If I offer my geometry teacher a set of hubcaps, that's it."

Very few are that close. Forty-six percent of these youngsters say they are not getting the best possible education, and they put the blame first on their teachers, then on themselves (for not working hard enough). "Most teachers are phonies," says Albert McCoy, 18, a June graduate of Benjamin Franklin High School in East Harlem. "Some 'uniform' men make classes too formal to think. When I have to stand up to answer, I can't say what I mean." Football-shirted Houston Crum, 18, of Roanoke, Va., Cave Spring High School, Class of 1966, contends, "They taught the subject, not the student. They had no interest—'get the material covered and the kids out.'"

Others argue that some teachers are insensitive baby-sitters, who grow tired quickly. "The teachers have gone too soft," says Sandra Bradshaw, 14, of New York City, tops in her grade. "They put the dumb ones in their classes out in the hall to watch the fire bell." Ed Kapinos, 17, a Ludlow, Mass., high-school senior in a yellow seersucker jacket, objects: "In writing the school newspaper, we have to think of what might offend the town, teachers and principal. A simple article on cheating was tough to get through—the principal edited it. So many creative people are hidden in high school."

Schools emphasize the urgent

They are sometimes hidden by well-meaning teachers. When LOOK researcher Margie English asked to talk to John Marshal at Tucson High School, the assistant school superintendent put her through a fine-meshed screening. He finally said, "Well, John's a mature young man. I guess he can speak for himself." He was right. Margie asked John what he thought about his education. His answer helps explain the pressure and frustration: "Ever since Sputnik, America has entered an age of urgency, and American education has put its emphasis on what is urgent and has forgotten what is important."

Those adults who least understand kids are often those closest to them: teachers and parents. Perhaps that's because teen-agers "don't trust anyone over 30"; 81 percent say they behave differently around adults. Jackie Vandre, 14, of Denver, Colo., says, "I'm not afraid to talk about anything with kids. At home, I get sat on if I say the wrong thing." Lynn Holland, 18, of Martinsville, Va., catalogs adolescent camouflage: "Act well-adjusted and well-behaved, be sort of a hypocrite, try to win adults' confidence. They can help you someday if you're nice." Don't bother, grumps another boy: "Adults aren't much of a challenge, a matter of not wasting time with a blank wall."

Barriers like these prevent dialogue between adults and teen-agers. They shut each other out. The kids wear disguises; they treat parents as indispensable institutions, not as whole beings. Parents don't, or won't, listen to them. Jay Dunham, 19, of Manchester, N.H., is bitter: "Few would accept what I say and defend it to another adult." Dave Hull, an afternoon disc jockey at KRLA in Pasadena, Calif., gets up to 10,000 calls an hour from teen-agers. Some telephone just to chat because, they say, no one at home talks to them.

What do teen-agers say about their parents? Listen: They describe them as "too status seeking, too money conscious"; "too content, too passive." They say they are narrow-minded, less educated, less worldly, less happy, less urbanized, more materialistic, more conforming than the young.

"I don't think adults value and seek anything. They just live," cracks Alan Rottersman, 18, of Atlanta. "They don't have any real goals." Albert Gore, 18, son of Sen. Albert Gore of Tennessee, says, "Democracy is a fetish with them to the exclusion of enlightened social change." Carol Taylor, also 18, of Washington, D.C., goes on: "They seek the security of believing there is a Good and a Bad, and that there is a set order to life." Ed Kapinos sees them this way: "Sometimes, they are horribly weird with their friends. I look at them and say, 'You're not like that.'"

And most aren't. Despite misunderstandings, despite bitterness, teen-agers like their parents. Fifty-two percent admit their "strong" influence. When they worry, teen-agers turn to their parents as often as to their friends. (Only one said he turned to his clergyman.) Few wear clothes parents object to, but there are complaints. "My father is over-protective," says pert, blue-eyed Signe Anderson in the Candlelight, a soda stop. "He thinks I should go around in bobby sox and ribbons."

True to past generations, these teen-agers—some 46 percent—claim that adults don't set an example to be followed. "They try," explains Ted Mesmer, the moustached lad, "but I'm not going to follow when they can seriously talk about the destruction of other countries."

Most have friends their parents don't like. Mercedes Mattsen, 16, of Boston, wearing large gold earrings dangling from pierced ears, an imitation Slavic-print dress with puffed sleeves, and sandals, illustrates: "I ask my friends over, like my mother suggests. Then when they get here, mother takes one look, screams, 'What will the neighbors think?' and suddenly she doesn't consider them friends any more."

Seventy-nine percent of those surveyed say their parents annoy them; 57 percent say they would live away from home if they could. What do they disagree about? "Everything I do," groans an 18-year-old boy. "They disagree about me." Two high-school girls in Atlanta tick off: "Dates, boys, phone calls, money, who you date and what kind of car he drives." Add to that: clothes, working around the house and grades.

Parents, as these teen-agers tell it, complain about "feet sticking out from under the sheets and when to leave in the morning." Or, "the way boys wear their hair," adds John Morgan, 17, of Richmond, Va. "My father points at a boy from the car and says, 'Isn't she cute.'" Diana Gotcher, 16, of Tucson, Ariz., lists her transgressions, and closes with, "Would you believe that I am selfish, inconsiderate and reckless?"

Parents may see epidemics of adolescent immorality. Teen-agers don't. "I've heard so much about these orgies," says Bill Lineaweaver, 16, of Gainesville, Fla., "and I've been wanting to find one."

What do these kids say about dating, sex, morality?

Only 42 percent of the teen-agers smoke; 74 percent aren't scared by the smoking-cancer link.

Fifty-four percent drink, but 68 percent say adults should *not* serve alcohol at teen-age parties. "Harming others is not even your parents' right," argues a teen-age Boston girl.

Some 41 percent say they would like to see the drinking-age limit lowered in their state, but they all can get liquor now without any difficulty. "It's only a choice between the bar and the woods," one explained. "Each has its bad influence."

Today, 67 percent say, a car is "essential." "I wouldn't go on a walking date," pouts a 17-year-old. Alfred Uranga, 19, of Albuquerque, N.M., adds glumly, "If a guy doesn't have a car, he doesn't have a girl." Thirty-six percent say their parents don't tell them when to come home from a date; 53 percent say they should. "It makes me feel my parents love me, care for me more," says Bobbie Anne

Coats, 19, of Raleigh, N.C.

Half the teen-agers think reports about their use of LSD and marijuana are accurate. Most—85 percent—say they wouldn't take either at a party for a kick. A few say they might try marijuana on their own, but they don't "trust" LSD.

Eighty-two percent see their morals as no lower than their parents'. "It's easier for adults to conceal what they do," says an Arizona boy. A New York girl sniffs, "Adults are just phonies about morals."

Teen-agers have their own views. Some 45 percent believe it is all right for a boy and girl who are in love to live together; 34 percent of the girls agree. Eighty-eight percent feel that a pregnant girl should not marry if she doesn't love the boy. "No one condemns pregnant girls anymore," complains Jennifer Smith, 16, of Tucson. "They just say, 'Poor thing.'"

Do they think it wrong for a girl to have sex relations before marriage? Forty-six percent (two-thirds of them boys) say no.

There is greater sexual freedom today among teen-agers, 60 percent say. Juanita White, 18, of Smyrna, Tenn., believes, "Some mothers not only tell their daughters all about birth control, they get it for them."

Sixty-six percent say that sex before marriage is accepted. "We wouldn't stone anybody," Bill Lineaweaver jokes. Cindy Erb, 16, of Wilbraham, Mass., counters, "I think there's more talking than action."

Talk or action?

It's hard to measure. But more than 75 percent of these teen-agers think they are developing a new sexual morality. They are striking old rules.

Though there is little to indicate that teen-age sexual *behavior* has changed since the Roaring Twenties, there is much to indicate a change in *attitudes* that Albert Gore sees as "definitely a sex revolution; a tendency to examine the terms 'right' and 'wrong' and their basis." This examination demands more freedom, more openness; 84 percent of these teen-agers think there should be sex-education classes in their high schools. They cut the silliness over sex and the hypocrisy. "We are more honest about everything that has been done before but kept in secret," Maureen Fox, a 19-year-old University of Florida sophomore, believes. "We're coming out of the Victorian bedroom," says Fred Whitmer, 18, of Terre Haute, Ind. Dave Pancoost, 18, of Elkhart, Ind., sums up: "We're getting away from the emphasis on virginity. Love is more important."

Seventy percent of the survey group want to see U.S. society change, particularly in the areas of sexual morality, civil rights, politics. They want, as one 17-year-old girl phrases it, "more discussion, more disagreement, more democracy" in society. They would recognize Red China, deal more flexibly with communism. The promise of this generation is exciting. Ted Mesmer sees, by the time he's an adult, "a nation great in the way that Socrates was great—not the way that Genghis Khan was great, or J. P. Morgan. I'm fond of it for what it could become, I really love its promise. I dig it, a beautiful place."

What are these youngsters like? They might be called pampered. They have so much stuff—motorcycles, cars, $600 amplified guitars—all rather easily acquired. They are confident. Eighty-seven percent are sure they will be successful. The girls measure success in terms of snug families; boys, in terms of well-paying jobs. They want what their parents want; a nice home, fancy car, pretty wife—or, depending on the kid's bag, a groovy pad, swift short, foxy chick. Some see little else. One New Yorker values "a plush life, velvet sheets." Robert "Buzz" Potts, 18, of Wayne, Pa., adds, "There's room for improvement, but I'd rather play football. I'm not one of those guys with the long beard. I think I can get ahead and do more for the world by not rebelling." The majority rebel. One girl hopes: "I'll be elected senator from Oregon. I want to stick pins under people."

It is a generation of pin stickers. Most kids won't chuck the affluent life—why should they? But they aren't as desperately acquisitive as their parents; they don't identify possessions as symbols of success or virtue. Harriet McLeod, 19, of Montpelier, Vt., adds: "Success is a dirty word; it's all glittery with money and big cars." They hope for something more. They are freer than any previous generation to go looking for it. "We have a lot more things than our parents did," says Becky Frank, a senior at Thomas Jefferson High School in Denver. "We have the responsibility of being able to accept all this."

They fight for identity in a society that suffers from a dearth of individuality; the punch card is its symbol. We are human beings, teen-agers protest: Do not fold, spindle or mutilate. Asked what he fears most, Bill Lineaweaver replies, "Getting lost in a maze of IBM cards in a file, molded; pushed from what I am into what everybody else is."

Success must be personal, important to themselves. They reach beyond materialism. "If I can maintain my 'self' throughout life," Bill continues, "without getting stale, or dry rot by standing still, I'll be happy."

Branch Henard, 17, of Nashville, Tenn., agrees. "I value the fact that despite every attempt to keep me in the path, I've been able to think for myself and decide on my own."

Can they emerge honest in a dishonest world? They abhor people with "a technique for developing exteriors with no manifestation of interiors." Or, as a 19-year-old soldier growls, "someone who tries to fake his way through life." These teen-agers are anachronisms. They seek honesty in an age that rewards the guy with the gimmicks.

They want their rewards to be more than the accumulation of goods. Stephanie Pabst, 20, of Pabst Blue Ribbon heritage, a junior at Sarah Lawrence College, speaks for them, too, when she says, "For me, it's never been a question of having to count up and save. I have to fight for myself, not for things."

It is this they search for. Can they find it? Bill Lineaweaver says emphatically, "It's a generation of idealism, a lot wilder than anything I've ever read about. If we don't lose the fire, we might do it."

END

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"... but can't you see, Melanie? Going down to City Hall and getting a marriage license would be a form of cooperation with a governmental system that's carrying on an unjust war in Vietnam."

drug addict:

"I realize I'm not the only boy who feels unsure, who wants to cry."

Conversations parents never hear...

John G., 16, from a middle class home in a New Jersey suburb of New York City, lives with his parents. He hopes to be a painter and his first work shows considerable talent. He has sold one painting for $35. John began smoking marijuana when he was 13. Some older boys in his hometown persuaded him to "front" for them as a pusher. He cleared $10 on his first sale and bought some expensive paints. Now he has gone on to hashish and LSD. Kicked out of a prep school last year, he likes to hang around Greenwich Village. John is alert, outgoing, and extremely polite. He is willing, almost eager, to talk about taking drugs.

I FEEL REALLY devastated about getting busted from school. I'd like to say I'd give it up to go back and I'd mean it. I wouldn't even bring any grass (marijuana) with me, but then I know that somebody, sometime, would offer to turn me on—and I wouldn't be able to refuse.

We're not escaping like the junkies. We're finding new realities, new answers to our problems.

I didn't really use anything much until I was 14. But at that age you have a lot of doubts about what a man is. You get told you can't cry, you can't show emotions—society tries to make you a strong central figure, even though you aren't ready.

When I'm high I see people's games, the smiles that don't mean anything, the useless conventions. I realize I'm not the only boy who feels unsure, who wants to cry. And now I'm happier because I know I don't have to hide anything. I'm actually stronger because I don't pen up my feelings.

I guess if we lived in a totally free society, people wouldn't need the stuff—but we're forced to keep so much in. The people walking the streets are only half themselves. They've got so much behind brick walls. Some of it may be bad but you've got to tear down those walls. That "whistling a happy tune" business only postpones the problem.

I don't know why I was the one in my family to turn to drugs but I think what happened to me early will happen to others later.

Martinis are the answer for the older generation. They need three or four before they go home. Why is smoking pot or taking LSD any worse than getting drunk? I can think, I can create, when I'm high—a drunk doesn't even know what he's talking about.

But I went on this LSD and did this fantastic, absolutely other-worldly painting and when I came off I found I had just smeared paint on my hand and arm.

I get phone calls all the time but I usually won't sell except to my friends. I guess I'm afraid of getting busted (arrested) and, also, I'm not sure these kids all know what they're doing.

Once in a while I think things are terrible, when galleries won't look at my stuff and I can't get a job with a 9th grade education. But it's better than before in my mind.

I don't really think I've dropped out of things. I think I've dropped in, that this is how we'll solve the world's problems. If we each handle our own hang-ups and don't hurt anyone else, what's wrong with that?

Everybody's so understanding—I don't know, maybe if somebody had crushed this in me earlier, I would have turned out differently. I really liked that school. I wish I hadn't messed up. I want to find out why I did. I want somebody to tell me what's wrong.

If I had a younger brother, I wouldn't urge him to follow me. I wouldn't urge him to do anything—there's too much righteousness around.

TRIPS for KICKS

BY ROBERT BENJAMIN, UPI CHICAGO

ACID IS WHAT its users call LSD. They call themselves acidheads. Acid's main apostle is Timothy Leary, an affable, relaxed, 46-year-old psychology Ph.D. with a full head of lengthy gray hair and a leaning toward tieless shirts, brown slacks, and loafers. He moves about the country telling youth to "turn on, tune in, and drop out."

The phrase has special meaning. To "turn on" to Leary means "to contact the many levels of divine energy that lie within your consciousness." To "tune in" is to express your new revelations in "acts of glorification, gratitude, and beauty." To "drop out" is to "detach yourself harmoniously, tenderly, and gracefully from worldly commitments until your life is dedicated to worship and search."

And the accent definitely is on youth. Leary has been described as a "messiah" by a cult leader before a Senate subcommittee. But he calls himself a "religious teacher" and speaks about "my profession, the profession of religious research." "The LSD trip," he told an international conference on LSD, " is best understood as a religious pilgrimage; the LSD kick is best understood as ecstasy; the LSD panic is nothing short of a spiritual crisis."

Leary says greatness lies in youth: "The present generation under the age of 25 is the wisest and holiest the human race has ever seen. And, by God, instead of lamenting, derogating, and imprisoning them, we should support them, listen to them, and turn on with them."

On Sept. 19, 1966, in New York City, Leary, dismissed from Harvard and out on bail in two marijuana cases, announced he had formed a religion called the League for Spiritual Discovery—initials, LSD. At least two other

continued

"I saw myself as a greasy spot on wet pavement with rainbow hues . . . I thought, 'If it breaks, I'll be destroyed—but so what.' I was the whole earth. I felt earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and wars and hate and agony, but it was all right. It was like childbirth . . . It hurt, but it was all right." That is Dr. Irene Hickman, 51, a former osteopath and assessor of Sacramento County, California, describing her experience after trying LSD.

Hiding his identity with a hood, a young addict testifies before a state committee investigating the use of drugs by college students. Police and law enforcement officials from coast-to-coast say they are almost powerless to stop spread of drugs on high school and college campuses. Marijuana comes from many sources. LSD, colorless, tasteless, and odor-free, is hard to detect and easy to transport. Latest craze in colleges, smoking banana skin pulp for kicks, confuses the matter even more. How can police ban bananas?

"Turn on, tune in, and drop out," says Leary.

cults started in this country since 1963 use LSD or similar drugs to attain experiences they call "religious."

Leary said his league's members would turn on with LSD every seven days, and with marijuana daily; tune in at every opportunity; and drop out at the earliest possible time.

A woman, 23, took LSD at a college and had "an intense religious experience—I found God again." Her second trip also was intense; she vomited. The third time, her body disappeared. After six trips, she stopped trying.

Last November, Michael Barnhart, 15, told his mother in Philadelphia: "I took LSD. I'm going to bed." He plunged to his death from his sixth-floor bedroom window.

In December, a Villanova University English teacher who had been on one good trip tried again. He bolted from his home, naked and screaming. His wife, who threw on a trench coat and ran after him, told police he had become violent when he "felt trapped."

Dr. Sidney Cohen, head of psychosomatic service at Wadsworth Veterans Administration hospital, Los Angeles, and author of *The Beyond Within,* tells of a salesman who became "the Savior" and persuaded his wife, who also had indulged in LSD, that she was Mary reincarnated.

"He managed to gather a few LSD apostles and they made plans to go into the mountains and dwell there. His boss was slated to be Peter, but Peter refused to take the drug. The Savior sold his possessions and gave the money away. The Savior was hypomaniacal, garrulous and absolutely convinced of his omniscience."

LSD stands for lysergic acid diethylamide. It is colorless, odorless, tasteless, nonaddictive —a drug that "expands consciousness" by working on the central nervous system—and it's one of several "psychedelic" (mind-manifesting) substances. Others include: marijuana, peyote, mescaline (derived from peyote), morning glory seeds, and nutmeg (the last two require special preparation).

LSD's potency dwarfs the others. A few ounces could give everyone who reads this an eight-hour "trip" that might delight him, terrify him or fill him with the awe of a "religious experience." LSD can be transported in a sugar cube, on the back of a postage stamp, or on the flap of an envelope. Police have bad dreams about enforcing "antiacid" laws.

Acidheads can take good trips or "bum trips," also called "freakouts," in which one has a terrifying, shattering experience. On a good trip, color is enriched, solid objects undulate, the sense of touch is a new adventure, and sound is "seen . . . like toothpaste" as it squiggles from the stereo and one studies individual notes for an eternity.

LSD opponents, who call the psychedelic drugs "hallucinogenic," say there is danger of the mind's being ruptured instead of expanded. Dr. James L. Goddard, U.S. Food and Drug commissioner, says LSD is "an exceedingly

continued

High priest of the LSD cult, Dr. Timothy Leary spreads the gospel at intimate gatherings of youthful apostles (left) and large "psychedelic celebrations" that fill auditoriums (below). Founder of the League for Spiritual Discovery, Leary regards himself as a "religious teacher" dedicated to expanding spiritual horizons. "The LSD trip," he says, "is best understood as a religious pilgrimage; the LSD kick is best understood as ecstasy; the LSD panic is nothing short of a spiritual crisis."

dangerous drug" that has caused a number of serious mental illnesses at universities.

The freakouts indicate that LSD is by no means a certain road to greater understanding or even a means to superkicks: Giant insects might crawl around the room; one's face may crack and peel in the bathroom mirror; one's body might disappear; or one might be forced to study the contents of one's stomach.

Leary insists a freakout will occur only with a person psychologically unbalanced, that only a latent psychotic will "become" psychotic after LSD. A "tender, loving" setting with persons one trusts is necessary, he says. "Take LSD in a nuthouse and you'll have a nuthouse experience."

Medical researchers see LSD as a tool for studying mental disorders and alcoholism, and as a "tracer" to study brain chemistry.

Dr. Daniel X. Freedman, head of the University of Chicago psychiatry department, says LSD changes perception, thought and memory by working on substances that seem related to helping the brain handle stress: "The response is very much like an acute psychosis, in which very often the first stages are an acute perception. . . . There is an information overload, and you get confused."

Because of diminished judgment and control, he says, there are few words to describe the experience: "People tend to lean on their surroundings. So if somebody says, 'You've been seeing God, buddy,' then you say: 'Oh, so that's what I've been seeing.' You get the feeling that you understand it, buddy, like you never did before."

End of the line for this girl's LSD trip is police precinct, where she awaits booking for illegal possession of the drug, struggling to conceal her face with her long braid. Middle-class parents who come to bail out their children bewilderedly claim they "just don't know how this could have happened."

On the college level, it would seem there is not wholesale impetus toward use of LSD or its counterparts. A United Press International poll of the editors of 70 college newspapers sought their opinion whether there was a marijuana, or other drug, problem on campus. The vast majority reported there was little or no problem. The Ivy League colleges seemed perhaps more bothered as a group—a "listening post" at one of them reported 17 percent usage. In a rather typical response, Robert Ewegen at the University of Colorado conjectured that about 5 to 10 percent of the students had tried marijuana "at least once" and added: "The way we think of it nowadays, if marijuana is 3.2 beer, then LSD is bourbon."

There is some possibility that high school students may be using drugs even more than are college students. A survey of high school students in the prosperous Long Island suburb of Great Neck, N.Y., indicated that nearly 10 percent of the students had used one or more drugs, including marijuana and LSD. The survey, released by Principal M. Elliot Noyes, was based on responses of 2,587 students who filled out an extensive questionnaire. The students said 207 experimented with marijuana. 155 with barbiturates without a doctor's prescription, 155 with glue sniffing and cough syrup, and 52 with LSD or other hallucinogens.

Many spokesmen of the organized religions view the movement to psychedelic religion as profoundly unreligious.

"This is a satanic, terrifying and tormenting temptation to man to look into worlds that may destroy his own world," says Rabbi Joseph S. Shubow of Temple B'nai Moshe in Boston. "It is abnormal, cruelly devastating and utterly immoral to allow mechanical chemical devices to alter the basic natural divine character of man."

Says Dr. Robert Bruce Pierce of the First Methodist Church in Chicago: "It's no different than erotic religions of ancient days when man built religion around emotional and sensual experiences that were largely sexual." He pointed to the (rule-book) Discipline of the Methodist Church, 1964, which says: "We deplore the growing use of dangerous drugs which provide hallucination and condemn the exaggerated claims that such drugs offer spiritual insight."

Why equate mysticism with religion? asks the Rev. Max L. Christensen, rector of St. James Episcopal Church in San Francisco: "It has been said that marijuana and LSD are a part of God's creation which can be used for religious purposes. It is possible that the 'religious use' of 'pot' is simply to leave it alone. God made poison ivy, too, but no one has theorized spiritual benefit by rolling in it just because it is there. The 'in group' among 20th Century witch doctors loves to point out the wide use of various drugs in primitive cultures, as if this ancient practice constituted some kind of valid precedent. The need for vision-inducing drugs stopped at the point where civilization began." END

THE BIG BEAT

"It really moves you so you can't sit out a dance at a table even if you have to get up and dance by yourself."

by Lynn Langway, UPI New York

Paul Fusco, Look

The Big Beat goes on and on. Groovy gimmicks, nutty names, and wild and wooly hairstyles tune on teen-agers. British Beatles (above) burst on the scene with goofy antics, really cool songs. Husband and wife singing team Sonny and Cher (right) play no instruments, wear wild things (she, ballooning bell-bottoms; he, printed poofy-sleeved shirts).

"This music is everywhere and it's ours, not something we just inherited."

LATEST AND LOUDEST Big Beat is the "psychedelic sound" now moving fast from the West Coast. Definitions of it are about as solid as a hallucination.

"It's wild and frantic, with weird, exciting effects," says singer Vickie Spencer, 21, of the "Fabulous Fakes," a new, live-performance group. Ron Gilbert, bass player for the "Blue Magoos," confines his translation to psyche-decibels: "It's really electronic music, with all the instruments plugged in to give a punchier sound."

Strange, LSD-tinged lyrics are packed into the psychedelic sounds. "Turn off your mind . . . you may see the meaning of within,"* chant even the Beatles, the elder statesmen of pop, in their "Tomorrow Never Knows."

Last year, protest songs were hip but in 1967 interest has turned inward, says Tom Wilson, "A & R" expert who wed Bob Dylan and Simon & Garfunkel to folk-rock. "There's still protest, but it's not the finger-pointing kind. It's personal. Not, 'why did you ruin our world,' but 'why don't you and I get along?' "

"You can't just stand there and give the kids a show any more," says Vickie Spencer. "They want to get involved in the music. They want sound, lights, action."

San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium probably offers the most lights and action with fluorescent face paint, hypnotic film shots, wild lighting, and hyped-up music swirling on and around thousands of dancers each weekend.

This mixed media gambit with psychedelic light shows is crackling its way across the country. "You feel plugged in to everything," says a 16-year old girl, dancing at a mixed media party. "It's like you're dancing with all the noise, all the neon lights in the world—only they aren't ugly any more, because you're using them to be happy."

Each new club in the Cheetah discotheque chain has switched on thousands of shimmering electric lights. There are 3,000 in New York's Broadway Cheetah, and there'll be 6,000 in the Union N.J., club, all changing in intensity.

Bathed in this electronic deluge, almost any song, no matter how atrocious, could get to be popular.

Some fear that IS happening, and that the so-called "dumb sound" of early rock and roll may stage a comeback. They note that the Beatles lost money on many of their 1966 American appearances and their records are being outsold by the Monkees, a bouncy teen-sound.

Peggy Cavanagh, 14, of New York, feels this way: "I don't think the Beatles are as popular with my friends as they used to be. Their songs are hard to dance to, and you have to listen too many times to understand. The Monkees are more fun."

Danceability has grown more important in pop music with the nationwide outcropping of

BY LYNN LANGWAY, UPI NEW YORK

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Ron Thal

Swinging Monkees clown through songs, work hard at NOT being the Beatles. Total unknowns—even to one another—the four were brought together for weekly TV series and quickly made Monkee business big business. Says one teen: "I've written to them 17 times and they haven't answered yet. But I'm not giving up. They're awfully busy—they're the greatest, y'know."

teen-age night clubs. Here the best of Negro rhythm and blues, long segregated as "race music," has finally reached white audiences without being "softened" as it was by early rock-and-rollers such as Billy Haley, Elvis Presley, and the Platters.

"It really moves you so you can't sit out a dance at a table even if you have to get up and dance by yourself," says Andrea Tishman, 15, of Pittsfield, Mass.

Dancing alone has been the style since the twist first split partners into independent, shimmying units of motion. The frug begets the boogaloo, which begets the shingaling, which begets the snoopy—but each dancer blends his own gyrations, with no set steps to limit whatever the music makes him want to do.

Rock music, now entering its own teen-age years, has rolled into respectability. Music critics dissect its "esthetics." FM radio stations program back-to-back beat as though it were Bach. And even the intellectual underground finds itself "freaking out" with the same sounds that send adolescents screaming.

In 1954, when disc jockey Alan Freed dubbed it the "Big Beat," rock and roll was naked, wailing music that throbbed from electric guitars and bass and drums. It had simple lyrics that whined about being 16 and in love.

Today, the brassy beat has sophisticated itself with strains of Oriental, classical and folk music played by flutes, harpsichords, violins and even theremins, the electronic-field instrument formerly best known for tingling spines in thriller-movies.

Accompanying lyrics deal with parent-child alienation, with poetry, with war, with pill addiction, promiscuity, and with love—not just puppy love.

"There is more going on in rock and roll than in any other form of music today," says Tom Wilson. "This is our new jazz. It's exciting, eclectic. It makes honest attempts to communicate with the audience and it isn't following formulas."

The 9- to 13-year-old girl who is today's major pop record buyer may not know what "eclectic" means but she digs the music.

"The public forces you to progress in this music—and the boundaries are infinite," says Al Kooper, writer for the newly popular group, the Blues Project.

The public itself has progressed, adds Rick Sklar, program director for rocking ABC radio. "The generation born since 1950 has grown up as an electronic ocean of information and music. They know more, and have heard more, than any previous teen-agers."

The pop music public has also expanded to include college students and young adults who tuned in on rock's infancy and kept turned on as the music grew and changed. Ten years ago, rock was rarely heard at many colleges. Today,

80 percent of rock concerts are played there.

Artists themselves are older and better educated, with more professional music training. Among them are stars like the Beachboys, who write and produce their own records.

Sometimes the contrast between the tinny, adenoidal rock of the 1950s and today's sophisticated sound is embarrassingly clear. In 1957, a teen-aged duo known as Tom and Jerry had a sophomoric hit called "Hey, Schoolgirl."

In 1967, the same twosome, now called Simon and Garfunkel, are still singing about conversational problems. But their "Dangling Conversation" is stalled, not by a schoolmarm, but by the disintegration of a relationship: "Couched in our indifference . . . we are verses out of rhythm, couplets out of rhyme."†

"It's scarcely the same music," winces Art Garfunkel.

The difference was sharp enough to lead him and partner Paul Simon to file suit against a record company that re-released the early record under the duo's new name. "Our listeners expect something more than they got 10 years ago," Art explains.

Listeners who don't get change and development drop artists quickly. Billboard magazine notes that, of 89 new groups on its charts in 1961, only seven were still there in 1966.

To catch the public interest, new groups take on startling names—the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, the Electric Prunes, the Moby Grape, the Iron Butterfly, the Enemies, and the Jefferson Airplane are some of them.

The new trend had produced songs about "what we're for, not just against," according to Marty Balin, writer-singer with the West Coast's Jefferson Airplane.

It has also produced a lot of gibberish, says ABC's Rick Sklar.

"Faced with ramblings about 'yellow submarines' and 'Acapulco gold' (supposedly the name of a Mexican marijuana), disc jockeys are no longer sure what's suggestive. Almost any one of the latest records may be loaded with double and triple meanings about sex and drugs —who can keep up with the slang?" asks Sklar, who listens to hundreds of releases a week.

When a station suspects an objectionable second meaning, it silences, edits or reverse-plays a record like "Let's Spend the Night Together" or "Sock It to Me, Baby."

Such censorship is somewhat hysterical, according to "Cousin Brucie" Morrow, ABC radio and television disc jockey. "The older kids may listen and discover double meanings but the rest of the kids are too busy having fun. All they want to know is—can you neck to the record, is it danceable?"

Tom Wilson hopes that there will be no split in pop music—that the "teeny-boppers and the beards can stay in the same bag."

The only safe prediction, to paraphrase a Sonny and Cher hit, is that the beat will go on.

As Jeff Petrusak, 23, of Yonkers puts it: "This music is everywhere and it's ours, not something we just inherited. We started it back with Elvis and someday it will be our 'Deep Purple' to get misty about."

†Words from "The Dangling Conversation" by Paul Simon Copyright © Charing Cross Music 1966. Used by permission.

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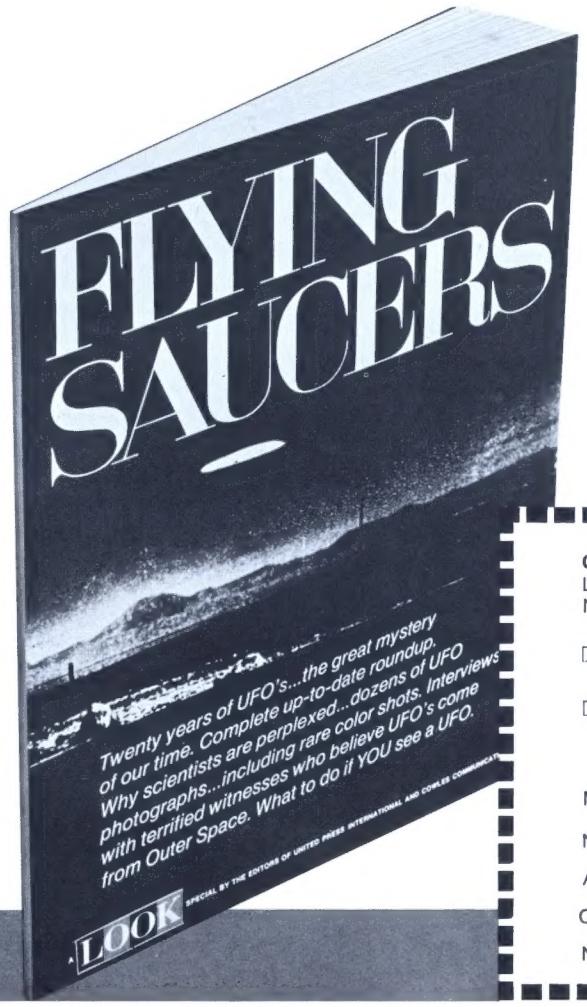

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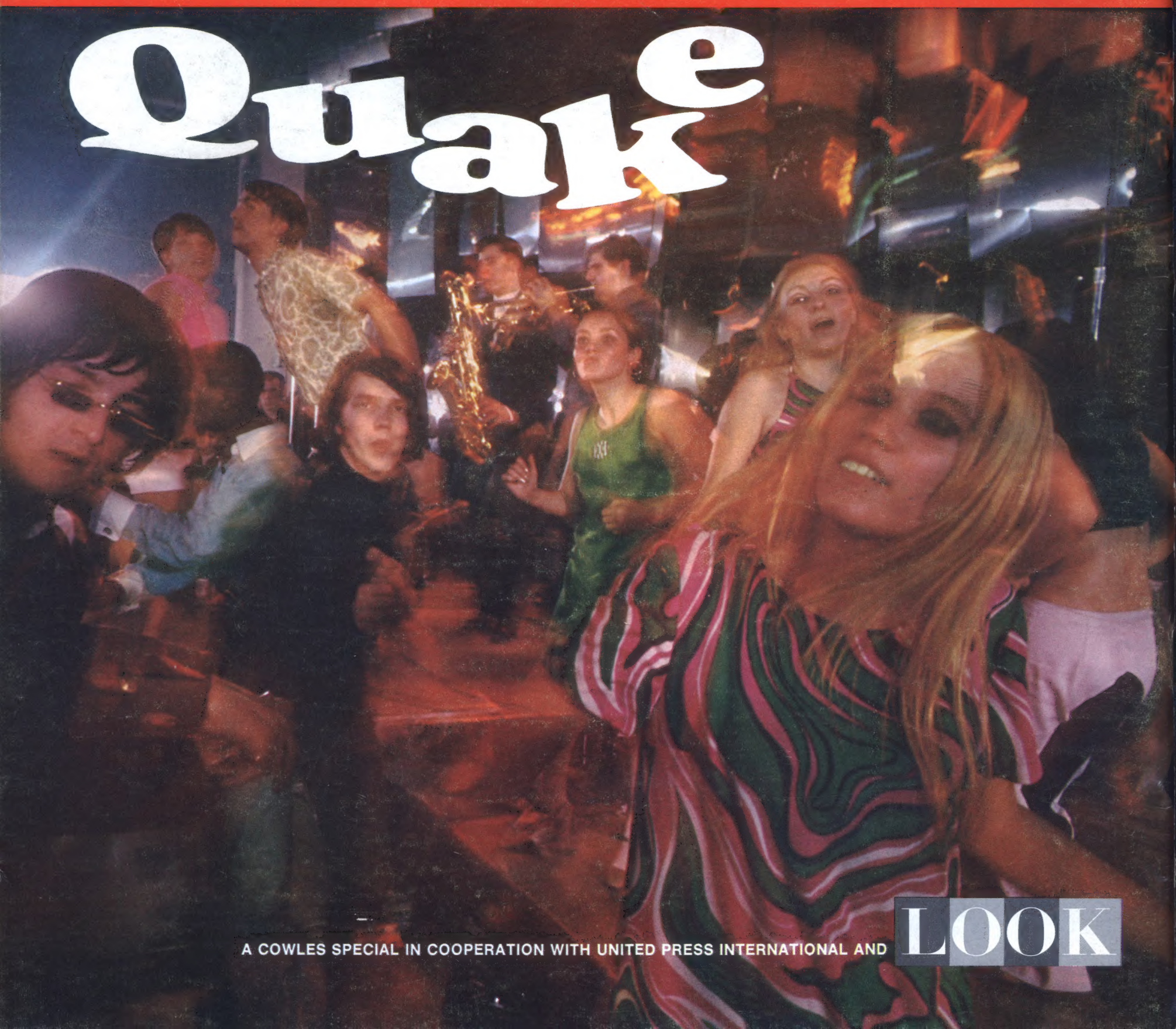

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